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THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 558.—OCTOBER 1943.

Art. 1.—IS INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY WANTED?

INTRODUCTION

To desire to escape the effects of a debauch is natural ; to give effect to such desire is admittedly difficult, perhaps impossible. In debauch the grand moment brings a satisfying combination of sin and repentance when the luxury of the former and the righteousness of the latter combine to make a flimsy foundation for resolutions to reform. The analogy is far from perfect, for a War for Freedom must not be thought of in terms of debauch, but the designation aptly fits the class which associates material betterment with waste and bombs and slaughter, and that class is dangerously numerous and may become predominant.

War always brings a transitory prosperity to some and total war has brought a highly deceitful spell of apparent improvement to many ; the reactions have always been painful and the after pangs of total war must of necessity be proportionately worse. The universal fear of this unpleasant necessity, quite naturally, provides opportunity for quacks and planners which they, equally naturally, are quick to grasp.

Quite apart from war, there is a powerful school of thought believing that man's affairs can be conducted better by officials or bureaucrats, supposedly free of the taint of the profit motive, unhampered by the tests of competition, gifted with a special knowledge of what is wanted and how it can be obtained, and endowed with political powers to put that knowledge into practice. The universal liquidation of normal living ways by total war has, again quite naturally, greatly strengthened the position of those who are able to accept this point of view. They have gone from strength to strength until at last they feel able to plan on the grandest scale and propose

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nothing less than an international body of experts to control and regulate both the value and the movement of every cent, farthing and pfennig wherever it may be and to whomsoever it may belong. First from Washington, then from Whitehall, and later from Ottawa 'experts' have proclaimed their ability to provide 'a central institution of a purely technical and non-political character, to aid and support other international institutions concerned with the planning and regulation of the world's economic life.'

The proposal is bold enough to grip the imagination, is devoid of all modesty, amounts to the creation of an earthly omnipotence, sets up a new untried authority owing no allegiance to God or man and by a stroke of the pen substitutes the unfettered judgment of the international 'expert' for the impersonal action of the natural forces on which the creation, maintenance, and extension of all markets have hitherto relied.

An international currency to be called *Unitas* was the first in the field, proposed by Mr Harry White, backed by Mr Morgenthau, and designed to fit America's position as the holder of the largest stock of monetary gold. Lord Keynes, on behalf of the British Treasury, then produced the *Bancor* based on trade quotas and other considerations arising from the weakness of our gold position. The Canadian Government also published a scheme of its own and we must expect a number of counter proposals from other nations. Volumes will be written on the subject and the present note can attempt no more than a few preliminary observations. I propose briefly to discuss (1) what are these balances the clearing of which is said to be essential to the health and wellbeing of international trade? (2) Can we maintain the age-long supremacy of Sterling? (3) Is it reasonable to hope that any international 'authority' will work? And, to make the point clearer, I add a note on (4) Anglo-American relations.

I. 'WHAT ARE THESE BALANCES?'

The avowed purpose of the International Clearing Union, as explained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Feb. 2, 1943, is 'to free the international monetary system from those arbitrary, unpredictable and undesir-

able influences which have operated in the past as the result of large-scale speculative movements of short-term capital.' The American proposal for an Associated Nations Stabilisation Fund is advanced amongst other reasons to avoid 'a repetition of the exchange instability and monetary collapse that followed the last war.' Both plans assume the continued existence of large unsettled balances between various nations. There are such balances on the books of the world, notably our own 1,000,000,000*l.* debt to America still unpaid from the last war. Some sort of international arrangement may be advisable if it is assumed that this sort of balance will exist and develop in the future. These are all balances arising from official dealings on government behalf and are not connected with normal trade and exchange. In thinking, therefore, of international balances, a clear distinction should be drawn between those arising from official transactions and those arising from the ordinary operations of trade and exchange between the nationals of different countries. Until 1914 the former sort of transaction and balance had, for practical purposes, never been heard of, did not exist; there were no dealings between governments.

The troubles which the White and Keynes Plans set out to remove may therefore be regarded as troubles or ailments which appeared in the body politic since 1918 and were not known before that date. The abortive peace treaties of the following year set up ledger accounts in the Treasuries of half a hundred countries purporting to show that money was due from Russia, Yugoslavia, Italy, etc., to us and to the United States and biggest of them all from us to our American cousins. Great Britain did not borrow on her own account; she lent a couple of thousand millions to Allies without any thought of their credit-worthiness and of this sum borrowed half from the United States. The later suggestion that we might transfer our claims on a number of bankrupt Allies in satisfaction of the American claim upon us was not acceptable. We have further, and this is of the first importance, wiped out completely all our governmental claims on European and other Allies of the 1914-18 war, but America, until quite recently, was not able to see the wisdom of following our example in respect of her claim upon us.

So these 'unpredictable and undesirable influences

which have operated in the past' must not be connected, as some people are inclined to think, with the supposed evils of a Capitalistic system; they are the direct result of the practical operation of perfect Socialism, nations buying, selling, and exchanging as nations for the purposes of war. When to all these inter-Allied debts is added the worst of all political blunders, German Reparations, including the Dawes and Young Loans, the tale of 'large scale speculative movements' is complete. A Clearing Union or a Stabilisation Fund for this sort of transaction, wholly political in its character, is no doubt necessary, for these are dealings between parties who recognise none of the rules of legitimate business; each of them is able at its whim or pleasure to de-valueate and generally to juggle in such a way as to defeat all the rules of normal dealing. Alterations in the value of the dollar, for example, had the curious effect that when under the Baldwin settlement we did endeavour to pay the interest and some of the principal of our American debt, we only found that the more we paid the more we owed. 'The past,' to which Sir Kingsley referred, must therefore be clearly understood to be the twenty years' truce between the two world wars, producing as it did financial phenomena of a wholly novel kind, bringing with them wholly unexpected difficulties. Happily there is more than a hope that this sort of thing will not occur again; Lease-Lend, which will remain to the eternal credit of President Roosevelt, brought that disastrous chapter to an end. Ignoring the actual terms and technicalities of the various Lease-Lend arrangements, the big idea, which has seized the imagination of the world, is that a nation engaged in war will provide whatever is wanted for the purposes of war by any of its Allies, all of whom are fighting on its behalf, and will regard the costs of such assistance as the proper costs of the war borne and paid for by the nation providing the assistance. In a word no monetary debts or balances will remain from Anglo-French or Anglo-Russian or Chinese-American cooperation or cooperation of any of the Allies in this struggle with the Axis. The position has not yet been clarified in such precise and definite terms, but judges of the signs and omens are in no doubt that the wisdom of statesmen will find a way of making that position clear, definite, and conclusive.

There remains the possibility of some form of payment by the enemy powers, but with the experience of a quarter of a century ago to guide us in that matter it is wholly unlikely that we shall permit the monetary systems of the world to suffer the disorders inflicted upon them by a repetition of any such blunder as money reparations.

If that is the situation, then these schemes for Stabilisation Funds and Clearing Unions can be studied in the light of their relation to normal trading balances, to the movements of money between the nations required to settle claims arising from the import and export of merchandise, the rendering of service, the giving and receiving of credit ; the sort of balances which were readily and easily handled by the banking systems of the world prior to 1914.

The first observation to come to the mind of one acquainted with the nature of a trading debt is that such a debt is ordinarily self-liquidating. The point can be illustrated from the ordinary experience of any business house ; many a trader does a business of 1,000% a week while using only a very small percentage of that sum in money. He keeps his ledgers, debits his customers, credits his suppliers and through the medium of the banker these things cancel one another, leaving only small remnants to be settled by monetary means. So it is with trade between the nations. Were the British and American Treasuries to conduct an inquiry into the problems of monetary balances between New York and London at any time before 1914, the redundancy of any new machinery to deal with them would become obvious. The absence of a world-wide gold standard makes some difference, but not so much as might at first appear. I am only concerned for the moment with the simpler point and it is important to make it very clear, especially to the non-financial lay reader, that international balances were smallest, presented the minimum of difficulty and never attracted the attention of politicians or governments when, in fact, international trade reached the highest figures ever known. An International Clearing Union may be needed to deal with political transactions, ' those arbitrary, unpredictable and undesirable influences ' ; but there is no need for any such institution in connection with the exchange of goods and services between the individual traders of the world.

II. THE SUPREMACY OF STERLING

My patriotic soul rejects the Bancor, the Unitas, the Moneta or any substitute for or rival to the pound Sterling. My patriotic soul is perhaps hardly an argument when the machinery of banking, the calculation of balances, the settlement of debits and credits, and such other statistical and mechanical matters are in question. There is, however, much more than statistics and mechanics involved in the provision, for the benefit of the world, of facilities for the interchange of the good things of the earth.

Thousands of millions of human beings regard the pound Sterling as superior to any other form of currency. There have been occasions in the last twenty years when the Frenchman or the Finn has looked with greater favour upon the dollar, but broad and large no currency has ever approached the place in the mind of mankind held for generations by the English pound. This is not only because the pound used to signify the golden sovereign, there is much more in the universal view than that. Our pound is wrapped up with our character and, because of that, money, currency, credit, confidence, have become essentially English or British commodities. From that circumstance the world at large has derived great benefit and we ourselves have prospered mightily. It was the British reputation quite as much as the metal which placed Sterling above all the others in the estimation of the whole world. International planners make a strong appeal to those who regard patriotism, national pride, and reputation as things to be discouraged, but those with other views might well consider this currency question in another way. It might then appear that in a world of paper currencies Sterling could, at least to some extent, serve the previous purpose of gold itself, until such time, as a return to gold became practicable. With balanced budgets and honest public finance Sterling could resume all that part of its quality which on this argument was quite as important as its metallic content.

Although I have read volumes on the planning of the future, I have yet to find the planner who will give a satisfactory explanation of the past; one outstanding feature of our past being the highest standard of living

known to man, coupled with a condition of dangerous over-population. To have maintained such a standard while having only one square mile of land to every six hundred and eighty-four of us, as compared with, say, Russia with a population of twenty to the square mile, constitutes a phenomenon to which the planners have still to direct their attention. Part of the explanation must be found in the English pound ; every country and every trader in the world thinking first of the English pound ; a credit in London being the ambition of business men the world over ; these things have brought us great benefits. We have, for instance, functioned as the universal middle-man for the benefit of the trade of all the others and to our own advantage. There are no statistics showing the total amount of business done between other nations through us as intermediaries, business in merchandise which never touches our shores and much of which would not be done, but for the credit and confidence which both buyer and seller are able to repose in the pound Sterling and the British merchant and banker. It is estimated that before the Kaiser's War two thousand millions worth of foreign bills were negotiated every year in London alone ; that gives a clue to our position as the supreme middle-man making it possible for the peoples of the whole world to trade with one another.

Lord Keynes prefaces his proposals by observing that they place at the service of the world the knowledge and experience, machinery and methods which have served so well in our own national banking system. He would, to some extent, mix up our banking system with other banking systems, indeed, he presupposes that other countries have banking systems comparable with ours. That, in my view, is the first of the several fallacies upon which this political proposal for international banking is founded. The United States comes as near to our perfection as can be expected from a young country, but the boom of the late 'twenties and the frightful collapse which followed would not have been possible had American bankers been free under American Law to rise to our standards. Our banking system is a model capable of improvement, but unquestionably the best so far, therefore, let us keep it as a model, let it remain as the leader to which others can look for help and guidance.

At this point my patriotism bobs up again. The perfection of our banking system is not wholly due to the quality of our bankers or the altruism or high purpose of those in authority in the banking world, it is very much mixed up with our national character. The five big banks alone have fifteen million separate accounts on their books, from which it follows that one in three of the whole population is considered to be good enough to trust with a cheque book ; nothing comparable is to be found in any other place on earth. Those who, in happier days, have travelled abroad, will perhaps appreciate the point rather better than those without that experience ; they will know how an English cheque book brought a sense of relief to hotel keepers and shopkeepers everywhere. The point may seem trifling beside all those larger issues discussed in the pages of the Keynes report, but it is just the absence of the patriotic sense, stimulated by such a small point, that makes me doubtful of these larger proposals.

The quality of our banking system depends as much upon the quality of the fifteen million depositors as upon the quality of the system itself. Five minutes' observation at the counter of any branch bank anywhere emphasises the point. Cheque after cheque will be cashed at sight, in a matter of seconds, without reference to books or records. Compare this with the position in the United States where the cashier is enclosed in a sort of steel cage and where, if you are able to look into his till, you will notice a fully loaded six-shooter. Go to France or Germany and examine the precautions found necessary by the banks to check the validity of the demands made upon them.

It is not a matter of faith in a State or a Government, but faith in a people. We have built up our world-wide reputation over a long period in the whole of which no Government had any part in our banking business and practice. Until 1914 the British Government confined itself to the proper duty of government, the maintenance of the purity of the currency. It has, of course, always been within the power of government to clip our coins, or to turn on the printing press, and the quality of British Government has been in its resolute refusal to make improper use of this power. Expressed in another way,

the honest and regular balancing of the Budget by a long succession of British Chancellors has enabled the pound to keep a quality sadly lacking in many other currencies.

It is to the ghastly blunder of Reparations and the subsequent attempts to collect and pay debts between governments that must be attributed those 'unpredictable and undesirable influences' of which Sir Kingsley Wood so properly complains. The last twenty-five years have seen our money and our politics so mixed up that both have suffered severely in quality. The esteem in which the world held the English pound and the British banking system is reposed in the City of London and not in Whitehall, and our international reputation will not last unless this distinction is made clear and maintained. The foreigner has a poor opinion of government and, indeed, in most cases he is fully justified in that view. He may or may not regard our Government as better than the others, but he will be unable altogether to dissociate the inherent vices of government, of which he has more experience than us, with all governments including ours. And we must remember that in recent times our public finance has been far below the standard of our private finance, a subject that I have developed in my book 'Debt.' The Keynes report or the Morgenthau scheme or any proposal for internationalising one of our greatest assets should only be discussed in the light of full knowledge of the part played, in the march of world progress, by the English pound.

III. IS INTERNATIONAL AUTHORITY POSSIBLE?

Leaving aside the machinery and the details of the Keynes or the White scheme or some amalgam of the two as suggested by Canada, and assuming that such detail and machinery is perfectly designed, fit to function, and will, in fact, function, there is still in question the wisdom of a world monetary authority from a wider point of view. The proposal is in perfect line with popular political prejudice which seems to aim at the centralisation of every detail of life, although it is becoming increasingly clear that centralisation is not always the road to efficiency or smooth working. Power is concentrated in one spot and genius, inspiration, originality, and initiative every-

where else are discouraged. The British Empire has grown, flourished, and become the model for the management of man's affairs by the faithful following of the opposite course. With the Statute of Westminster we took the last step and made it clear to all that our purpose is not to govern, to control, to centralise, or to organise into one whole; on the contrary, we desire to see the fullest possible independence accepted and utilised by every little land that cares to claim a position in our Commonwealth. The Irish Free State, whatever else may be said about it, has rendered an unwitting service by exhibiting to the world the foundations of our settled policy of devolution.

Lack of faith in a World Authority is supported by the absence of a suspicion of success in the various attempts that have been made to bring the nations together on paper and bind them by contract to a common line of action. The British Empire may be said to be bound together by the absence of contracts or paper plans. The League of Nations is surely a sufficient warning. In the years immediately following the Kaiser's War, opinion was ripe and the acceptance of the League was genuine and almost universal. The documents were drawn with care by acknowledged authorities; neither skill nor experience was spared in the drafting of a new code of international conduct. There was, by the middle of the 'twenties, no possibility, *on paper*, of an outbreak of another world war. My submission has always been that the present war is the direct result of those arrangements. An open invitation to all the peoples of the world to interfere in each other's affairs brought, not peace, but a record of chicanery, double-dealing, double-crossing, and faithlessness, the like of which had not been seen since the days of Machiavelli.

The League of Nations was concerned with politics, properly so called, the government of peoples with a view to security, order, and peace. It was controlled by politicians, most of them genuinely desirous of securing peace and all of them experts in the business of politics, all of them knowing something of those psychological and other forces which move peoples in one direction or another. And yet these politicians, operating to the best of their ability in spheres peculiarly their own and

actuated, let us agree, by the highest motives, succeeded within a mere couple of decades in bringing about the very thing which the League was invented to avoid.

But the idea of world authority dies hard, it still appeals to the anti-patriotic mind, the little type of intellect which sees something wrong in pride of race and rivalry among nations for a better place in an educated world: the small mind which, failing to understand the benevolent action of the force of competition, whether between individuals or nations, does not know that our rise from barbarism is attributable to a healthy desire in every nation to do as well as or perhaps better than others. Feeling that, notwithstanding the shortness of the public memory, it may be too early to revive the League folly, those who still seek for some great world force whose domination we can all accept, are turning their minds to other matters than peace and now propose world control of commodities, world control of the air, world control of currency, and other things. This sort of world control is, it is said, to be removed from the influence of politics, for it is to be exercised by bodies of officials owing no allegiance to the fickle whim of any electorate and enjoying complete independence of thought and action. The Currency Clearing Union will, it is suggested, have the power to instruct the British, or any other Government, to depreciate or appreciate its currency and neither the Treasury nor Imperial Parliament will have any option in the matter.

Where is the genius to be found which can be trusted with such stupendous powers, such omnipotence? The British Treasury might perhaps provide the best set of brains for handling financial and currency problems, and the possessor of that set of brains would no doubt be willing for a given salary to perform his functions without any suspicion of the slightest deviation from the highest motives. What other country can produce anything of the kind? We, in this home of the Mother of Parliaments, have attained a degree of perfection where personal advantage from public office is almost unknown. Our cousins in the United States with less than a couple of centuries in which to reach such maturity have admittedly some way to go before they can make a similar claim. In every other country the man who devotes his

time to public affairs and does not become the richer for his trouble is in more or less degree regarded as a fool. The Clearing Union will, therefore, start with a governing body, the members of which are drawn from different countries, histories, traditions, standards, and even different conceptions of honesty and morals.

Is it within the realm of possibility that the nominated representative of any country can be free from political influence at work within that country? In dictator countries, where things are managed on the one party system, the plan might work, but we are getting rid of dictators. Is it suggested that having appointed our representative on the Board of the International Clearing Union, it will not be open to Mr Shinwell or Mr Greenwood to raise a debate on his policy or action? Will the representative of the United States be subjected to the influence of Mr Roosevelt or Mr Hearst or Mr Lewis and, if so, will the other two be denied the right to quarrel with the influence of the third over the body of the Clearing Union Director? These are practical questions that have to be answered before we can approach such detail as the Bancor or the Unitas or the method of carrying through the technical processes of clearing. The experience of the League of Nations makes the nature of the difficulties clear. We know in advance that if the Clearing Union adopts a policy which is unwelcome in various quarters, those quarters will cause trouble. Germany or Italy will withdraw at the critical moment. France, if she remains as skilful in the next twenty years as she has been in the last twenty, will give a provisional acceptance to a proposal and then go home and change her Government, for that is the way in which she has reduced the League to impotence on a dozen different occasions. Difficulties are also certain to arise from political changes in economic policy inseparable from the business of government and so clearly illustrated in recent years in the development of the modern Russia.

Under the ægis of the League of Nations or the urge for world order and authority, a dozen or more economic conferences have been held and every one of them has pronounced without qualification and with complete unanimity on the necessity for the removal of barriers to trade; yet every one of these conferences has, in fact,

resulted in the immediate erection in all quarters of the globe of higher barriers than ever. Those conferences made an appeal to reason, they invited mankind to act up to his better self; the International Clearing Union will issue orders, backed by the force of penalties; and it is suggested that such orders and penalties are likely to be obeyed and accepted without risk to the peace of the world.

IV. ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

Everybody will recognise the extreme difficulty of drafting agreements or rules and regulations that will give satisfaction to, and assure the adherence and obedience of, say, France, Russia, China, and Brazil. There is however, a very natural hope that arrangements between ourselves and the United States of America are likely to be effected with greater ease. For the purposes of this war these two great nations are united in will and effort, a union full of hope for the world and delight for both of us. It has yet to be seen whether a perfect union for the supreme purpose of ridding the world of Hitler and Fascism will stand the test of complicated technical ties concerned with pounds, dollars, shillings, and cents. The union of the moment is admittedly more perfect and complete since pounds and dollars ceased to be the concern of either party. This plan for an international monetary authority is in full sympathy with the political outlook of President Roosevelt and, as many indications make obvious, that is not necessarily the permanent political philosophy of the majority of the citizens of the United States.

It is perhaps not very generally recognised that international balances and, indeed, international trade itself are matters of comparatively minor importance to the United States. A very old difficulty in discussing international trade has been the impossibility of getting adequate and reliable figures of internal trade. Forty millions of us in Britain do our little bits of business together and no really reliable machinery has yet been devised to count up all these little bits of business. I myself see no reason for any such machinery. The impressive figures of American exports and imports added together are insignificant when compared with the

unknown total of the internal business of all the individual citizens. Large numbers of them go right through life without a conscious interest in anything outside their own national borders. Considered as an economic unit the United States depends upon the rest of the world for a few commodities, such as rubber, shellac, or tea, but apart from a quite small list is entirely self-contained, a fact which must have a bearing on the likelihood of the acceptance by the American citizen of any restraint or sacrifice called for by some international authority on behalf of some distant land. The point is emphasised by current discussions in banking circles which I mention as samples of other discussions bound to arise in other quarters. Bankers may perhaps be thought to have some peculiar or sinister interest in the matter, but it is the fact that Wall Street has already exhibited a marked hostility to both the Unitas and the Bancor. In the survey issued regularly by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York I read :

' A study of the British plan reveals some features that would tend to promote the interests of debtor countries in general, and of Great Britain in particular, at the expense of the United States. It is inconceivable that this country could, under any circumstances, become a party to any such agreement.'

The Chase National Bank, through its Chairman, Winthrop W. Aldrich, perhaps the most distinguished figure in the banking world to-day, takes another and a prior point. Mr Aldrich reminds both Lord Keynes and Mr Harry White that however perfect may be the machinery of international control it will be useless unless within the boundaries of each nation sound financial policies are followed :

' Problems of monetary stabilisation arise from each major war. That this is generally true is illustrated in the case of England during the Napoleonic period, of our own country following the Civil War, and of practically every neutral and belligerent nation following the close of the first World War. The reason that such problems arise is that war financing needs are not met entirely from taxation or from the sale of bonds to investors. To a greater or lesser extent, wartime deficits are met through currency or credit inflation. In consequence of the policies followed, post-war problems of

monetary stabilisation, from an internal point of view, involve the checking of inflation and the balancing of budgets, and from an external point of view, the resumption of gold payments and the elimination of foreign exchange controls. Both internal and external stabilisation must take place before business men can make future plans relative to production and trade, before people can save with assurance, and before normal international trade and capital exports can be resumed.'

Mr Aldrich, no doubt, has in his mind the recent painful history of the dollar itself, for it must not be assumed that the American Government in recent years has exhibited a uniform degree of belief in sound principles. We were driven off the gold standard only when, after a desperate effort to meet our every obligation, there was no gold left in our coffers. By contrast America de-valued her dollar notwithstanding an embarrassing accumulation of gold. That de-valuation was undertaken in pursuance of the aims of the New Deal and in the hope that it might do something to alleviate the trouble of unemployment; in the event that purpose was not achieved. That is only one illustration of the nature of the difficulties that will arise in America as well as here. If governments are likely to continue to manufacture credit and currency for the purpose of pump priming or, as with us, for the achievement of new standards in, say, social services, then no international authority however well constituted can hope to provide the world with that solid basis of stability and confidence on which alone international trade can proceed.

ERNEST BENN.

Art. 2.—THE NEGLECT OF SHIPPING

AN article I contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1942, was entitled 'War Tasks of British Shipping.' Writing a year later it is reasonable to look beyond the present struggle and suggest some of the lessons which

emerge from the grim experience of four years of total war for the country to learn if—and it is a big if—it has the will to do so.

As an observer one is amazed at the varied achievements of mercantile shipping during hostilities of unprecedented violence at sea. The astonishment is shared by people directly concerned with the daily control of merchant tonnage. The work accomplished reflects credit on the direction, in which practical shipping men and Civil Servants have concentrated in close cooperation, as well as on the construction of the hulls and machinery of ships tested severely by the trials of war. Its success undoubtedly has been promoted by a singularly happy appointment made in June 1941, to the position of Minister of War Transport. In Lord Leathers the Ministry has been fortunate in being led by a man with clear views, of resolute action, possessing exceptional ability for prolonged work and capable of inspiring all associated with him to give of their utmost. A great machine has functioned smoothly, at high speed and effectively.

The extraordinarily fine and diverse services of merchant shipping have not been rendered without the payment of a heavy price. Serious toll has been taken of life and property. Magnificent liners designed to encourage travel by sea in peace-time are no more. Heavy blows have been struck at the British mercantile marine. Sometimes these succeeded each other so quickly that the faint-hearted might well have feared that things were going too hardly with it. Yet, if there be a law of averages in war, or something like it, this came into play, and a breathing space, or comparative freedom from destruction, ensued. The mercantile marine continued to do all that was asked of it. Proofs of its achievement lie in the survival of this country at the present time and the large measure of success which has lately rewarded its arms. Had merchant shipping failed in its direct and indirect war tasks defeat for this island people would have been inevitable.

The mercantile marine which now serves the nation and its Forces oversea differs materially from the merchant fleet which, like the country, suddenly found itself at war. Not only splendid liners but also good cargo ships and

oil tankers have disappeared. Their places have been taken by newcomers built during the war. The fleets of individual ownerships have dwindled dreadfully in size, while investments in Government securities have risen, being the proceeds of the insurance payments for vessels lost. The new ships mostly have been built for the Government. The character of the mercantile marine has been gradually changing. It has become increasingly a utility fleet. It is equipped with many gadgets—far more than were installed in merchant ships before the war—but these are contrivances designed to offer as much hope of safety to those who man the vessels as ingenuity and experience can devise. Comforts for passengers must await happier times. Yet the resources of the United Nations, pooled for the conduct of the war, owe much to the tremendous output of mercantile tonnage in the United States.

The reader may well pause and consider for a moment all that is really involved in the dependence of this country on the American shipbuilding effort. Twice during the war, Sir Arthur Salter has disclosed, the American programme has saved a critical situation. Mr Noel Baker, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport, asserted in July that but for it the war could not have been won. Figures of the British output of merchant tonnage have not been published. Still, there is good reason to believe that, in all the circumstances, the production has been most creditable to British shipbuilding. The qualification is important. A considerable proportion of the British capacity is known necessarily to have been directed to the production of warships of different types. The building of these vessels, whose duties will include the protection of merchant ships, is so closely related to the construction of the latter that the allocation of the facilities to the different classes needs to be controlled by the central authorities, as is now done. Apart from the partial concentration of yards on warships the possibilities of an expansion of facilities in these islands are limited. The capacity was increased during the last war and afterwards was deliberately reduced as it was deemed to be far in excess of the commercial requirements. The outbreak of another war involving this country was not then foreseen. So it

happened that yards which had fallen into disuse and were overgrown with grass have been brought back into service during the last year or two, but subject to very careful control of the supply of labour. Thus these yards have had to rely mainly on workers who had no previous experience of shipbuilding. Old-established yards throughout the country could have employed many more men than they had at their service. The additional numbers for which there was work extended in different instances to several hundreds, or even thousands. Had all the men who could have been employed been available work must have been speeded up—to what extent would depend largely the ability of other industries also to increase and expedite their deliveries of material. Associated with shipbuilding are many other industries concerned with different forms of equipment. During the deep shipbuilding depression between the two wars many craftsmen left for other industries and trades. Some of them found openings abroad. The effect of all the changes has been to emphasise the need for the vast United States production.

Is history to be repeated in the shipping and shipbuilding industries and the depth of depression again to be plumbed in the years following this war? The answer to this question is connected with the attitude of Governments and people towards the industry. It is strange and, indeed, gravely disturbing that a nation which is so absolutely dependent on its maritime industries, as Great Britain is, pays such little heed to them. During the war no doubt people form a deep respect for the courage and endurance of the men who man the ships in the face of lurking dangers: just as they admire the gallantry of the uniformed forces. Yet little pride has been exhibited in the building up of a great mercantile marine. Unless fine ships—none better—had been planned and built and were available at the outbreak of war, while new construction was undertaken, all the courage of potential seamen would have been unavailing. Shipping is linked in the public mind with shipowners, and few will maintain that shipowners as a body are popular—with those, at any rate, who do not know them personally.

Several reasons may be adduced for this remarkable

lack of enthusiasm of a maritime nation for a main industry. Some of these, like the explanations of other national tendencies, are simple. One reason, I think, is that the shipowner is too commonly regarded as a wealthy person who has acquired his possessions by getting the most out of those he employs and paying them as poorly as he can. The foundation of this story of wealth rests largely on the estates which some men prominently identified with shipping have left at their deaths. Actually to a considerable extent the fortunes in outstanding instances of clever men engaged in shipping have been derived from other forms of industry and commerce.

Often identification with shipping has been the direct consequence of the association of families with the industry over several generations. Originally the man who ventured into shipping, perhaps with friends, had to possess means. Biographies tell how some of the pioneers, if not all of them, worked extremely hard and incurred real risks. When their ventures were fruitful they again launched out and they helped to build up the commercial strength of the country. Some of these received little education at schools and universities. Their sons were given better opportunities of learning, but their hereditary gifts remained with them and they usually followed the same callings as their fathers. When roots were so firmly planted in the past it is not surprising that the descendants of the old pioneers were men of means, even though some of the times in which they lived were lean.

These old shipping families are now dwindling. Some of the later members have turned to other activities. The coming of the joint stock and limited liability companies has led to immense numbers of small stock or shareholders succeeding a few shipowners as the real proprietors of the mercantile marine. A large shipping company to-day has many thousands of small holders of its issues. The manager has largely replaced the shipowner, and his remuneration is by salary. Some loss of the individual touch of the owner seems inevitable. There can hardly fail to be a lack of the closest association when organisations become huge and the responsibilities of the chiefs are delegated to lesser men, who are tempted to follow the example of Civil servants and play for safety,

which means the avoidance of hazards. Shares of shipping companies quoted on the Stock Exchange yield returns which are better than those from many other industrial issues. They would yield less if there were any real confidence in the maintenance of present earnings. Shipping remains a speculative investment; the small stock holder faces a real risk, but not one linked with the possibility of handsome rewards. The risk is that even the present moderate returns may not always be obtained. Ships when laid up in out of the way estuaries in rows become liabilities to their owners for their upkeep. This happened not many years ago. If shipping were really popular this lack of confidence would not prevail. Investors would feel assured that the nation and Governments would see that the industry received fair play in view of its vital importance to the country.

This lack of appreciation of shipping by a maritime people accounted for the extreme difficulty which the shipping industry encountered in the years between the wars in helping them to understand the nature of its problems and the need for assistance to meet the measures taken by foreign Governments. The industry had two main purposes. One was to try to get people to realise that the assistance foreign Governments were extending to their mercantile marines, leading to their expansion, meant that the contributions made in peace-time by British shipping services to the invisible exports of the country were seriously affected and were further threatened. The second object was to convince people that in withholding encouragement and assistance from the shipping industry a grave danger was being created of there being insufficient shipping if, unhappily, Britain were once more engaged in a struggle for life. In the event this country drifted into war unprepared and with a grave deficiency of ships compared with the number when war broke out in 1914. Whether the reduction numbered more than a thousand vessels or nearly two thousand depends on the bases of the calculations. Chairmen of shipping companies repeatedly warned the nation of the losses to its commerce that were being suffered and of the grave risks which were being incurred.

Looking back, some of the warnings are seen to have been prophetic; at the time they were little heeded. Few

people were really concerned when shipping spokesmen repeatedly described how the Japanese were gradually ousting British lines from Far Eastern routes, using ingenious means, with the aid of their Government, to secure their ends. The Japanese mercantile marine was modernised. Helped by subsidies it included by 1937 more tonnage less than five years old in proportion to its total fleet than could be claimed by any other country. Fast cargo liners were built, and no secret was made that they were designed to act as auxiliary cruisers in war. Preparations began to be made for the assaults on large regions far from Japan which occurred five years later. The whole question of Far Eastern shipping in the end was referred to the Imperial Shipping Committee, but late in the day. The report was published in 1939, on the eve of war.

Leaders of British shipping—the able and energetic chairman of a great liner company with headquarters in London and the late chief of a vast Dominion enterprise—repeatedly urged publicly that two fast liners should be built for Trans-Pacific service. As such ships would have had to face sailings supported by another Government, some form of financial assistance was essential. There were exceptional opportunities for building these vessels when the project was suggested and while it was being discussed, for British shipbuilding was then being starved of work. The subject became a hardy annual. If ever there was a glaring case of dilly-dallying this was one. The proposal was considered by one Government department after another and at last it was referred to the Imperial Shipping Committee. That body reported in 1936 that the provision of such a service as was envisaged was the only alternative to dropping out of the fast passenger and cargo ship trade between the West Coast of North America and Australia and New Zealand. Nothing was done to implement that finding. The war clouds were rolling up. The Navy set about strengthening its depleted forces. Shipyards were starting to resound once more with activity, and the estimates for building the ships much exceeded the original offers. The opportunity of building ships cheaply was lost and with it, soon, the chance of building them at all. Had the vessels been constructed when shipbuilders would have

welcomed the work with open arms they would have been valuable assets indeed when war broke out. As auxiliary cruisers, as transports or hospital ships fine use could have been made of them. The whole affair is just an example of the difficulty of convincing people as long as peace prevailed that ships were really needed.

I remember early in 1939 sailing down the Tyne and seeing a great liner alongside a berth, desolate and weather-stained, where she was doomed to be broken up, and calling my colleagues to witness the dreary spectacle. We were told that international politics were then in a most delicate state. We had just been very close indeed to war and peace was not assured. As things were like that why should a great ship be broken up, since if the worse were to happen she would, in the common expression, be worth her weight in gold? The clouds continued to gather and one never heard if there was time to stop the work of converting her into scrap, assuming it was thought that there might well be useful work for her to do. In war-time even ships which had ranked as obsolete attain a new value.

Meanwhile the shipping industry had at last convinced the authorities that its state was far from what it should be for the national health and security. By Government request a searching inquiry was undertaken by the representative bodies. The investigation was closer and more comprehensive than anything previously attempted. The condition of every section of the shipping industry—liners and tramps, coasting vessels and oil tankers—was carefully investigated. Detailed reports were prepared and many recommendations were made. The shipping industry, as the result, was held to have proved its case and to have done everything in the way of self-help that could be expected of it, and the conclusion was reached that, in view of the loss to the country of oversea services and of the dangers involved, financial assistance was required. This followed some help—all too temporary—which had previously been shown to be needed for tramp tonnage. A comprehensive Bill was then prepared entitled the British Shipping (Assistance) Bill which promised to be the largest measure of help that had ever been devised. It included a proposal for setting up a defence committee to consider the competition to which

British liners were exposed from foreign shipping receiving official subsidies or assistance and, if necessary, to extend financial support to them. For the first time a British Government showed that it meant to see fair play accorded to British liner services. By adopting this policy, instead of leaving British liner companies to fight alone State-aided competition, it might never have had to expend the money. A firm attitude might well have been sufficient. This large measure of help was indeed a good, but belated, reward for all the work that had been done in proving the case. Its passage through the House of Commons was suddenly interrupted by the outbreak of war. It never became law.

This Bill seemed likely to mark the opening of an era in which Governments, Parliament, and people would understand better how precious shipping is to this country. The outbreak of war not only caused the complete suspension of the measure, but it also revived all the old criticisms of shipping which had begun to fade as the public had learned more of the hard times that had followed the short bursts of prosperity. The late Mr Bonar Law could not have foreseen how far-reaching would be the results of his action during the last war in holding up a cheque in the House of Commons representing a return on a shipping investment which he thought was unduly handsome. The public did not trouble to remember that the history of British shipping alternates between many thin years and brief terms of recovery. Some exceptional disturbance of the ordinary course of the world's development has always been needed to bring about an improvement. This has been due largely to the engrained habit of shipowners of reinvesting their earnings in new tonnage, so that a glut has soon succeeded an excess of the demands over the supply, and freight rates have fallen sharply. Thus shipowners have helped to bring about their own undoing. They earned a bad name in public estimation during the last war because their ships were so urgently wanted for the maintenance of the country that at last they received some compensation for losses sustained during depressions. Some managers of cargo ships, knowing the speculative character of their industry, decided to sell, and the rewards for shareholders appeared to the public, with its short

memories, positively indecent. So when the present war seemed to be threatened, advisers of the Government urged that no repetition of the previous sales should be possible. Nothing could prevent the value of shipping rising in war-time because of the rise in the cost of all materials and of labour which causes shipbuilding prices to increase, but a way was found to prevent what was regarded as improper use being made of this premium on shipping. The amounts which could be covered under a Government scheme against war risks were controlled, and a provision was inserted that part of the insurance money should be held in a Government replacement account and should only be released when the money was needed for reinvestment in new tonnage.

Then negotiations began for the terms on which all classes of ships were to be requisitioned. Anything in the nature of war profits was at once ruled out by both sides. The underlying principle was that owners should be reimbursed for their actual outgoings as managers of the vessels for the Government, and should be allowed to earn 5 per cent. per annum for depreciation of the ships (wear and tear is always excessive in war-time and the allowance was moderate) and 5 per cent. for interest on the capital. Owners accepted this principle as reasonable but were concerned about the cost of rebuilding their fleets and continued to be so as the war progressed and shipbuilding costs stiffened. Then experience showed that, owing to advancing expenses, the 5 per cent. for depreciation and for interest were not being earned. Accountants set to work and the facts were substantiated after long discussions and examinations of results. Revised terms, which were made retrospective to different dates, were finally agreed early this year. During these prolonged negotiations the officials of the Ministry of War Transport and leaders of the shipping industry seemed to come to understand each other's point of view better than before.

There remained one measure which gave practical effect to the view that shipping must be accorded only bare justice. At the beginning many owners had not felt able to contract for tonnage, partly because builders could not name prices in advance and partly because only the simplest form of vessels could then be contemplated.

The Government had no need at first to concern itself with prices. The one thing that mattered was to get new ships into service and then, with the aid of all the financial experts it could summon to its aid, it could discuss the terms. As vessels were destroyed the fleets existing at the outbreak of war diminished and the Government-owned fleet began to grow. A scheme was devised whereby owners would be entitled to claim Government ships to replace vessels lost according to the time of loss. This was a fair provision, as owners who had been without the earnings of their ships for the longest time were enabled to secure the vessels built first which cost less than their successors. It must be remembered that directly a vessel is destroyed the rates of hire cease. Incidentally there are also harmful effects for the finance of companies in the incidence of taxation, since the proceeds of insurance moneys when not invested in tonnage but in Government securities are regarded as being employed outside the business. But the scheme is most open to criticism on the ground that, although it professes to be devised to enable owners to replace vessels sunk, the ships are not to pass into their ownership until six months after the end of hostilities. Meanwhile the vessels are transferred to their management and the owners receive moderate management fees. There is believed to be a saving to the Government in this method of transfer compared with the cost if the ships had been transferred at once. Then the owners would have been entitled to requisitioning rates providing for depreciation and interest, each at 5 per cent. As the Government pays management fees to the owners during the war, will charge the owners the cost prices of ships less depreciation at 6 per cent. (the higher rate allowed by the Inland Revenue to shipping in war-time) and pays interest on the moneys invested in Government securities, the saving can hardly be large. That the economy has been regarded as important enough to justify action which has disappointed owners suggests that in the official view there is no call for generous treatment of the industry.

It is not part of my case to maintain that shipowners are saints in the business world. No doubt in the past some of these men have displayed a certain narrowness of view and an acquisitiveness, implying undue concern for

the welfare of their families. Such characteristics have not been unknown among men engaged in other forms of commercial activity. One suspects that they are also to be found among politicians. There may be shipowners, or shipping managers, to-day who could not be exonerated entirely from the possession of such attributes. Yet the failure of some individuals to rise to the higher standards which others erect for them is no sufficient reason for condemning all as a class.

The old pioneers and the men who built up great businesses would not have been human if they had been paragons of virtue. Their energy, ruggedness, and readiness to face risks were most valuable, and such qualities will be again wanted in future. Unless it is enterprising an industry must yield place to a more resourceful competitor. There will be no fear in future, whatever may have happened in the past, that the welfare of the workers in the industry will not be most carefully considered. All concerned in matters of personnel are represented on a joint council—the National Maritime Board—which interests itself directly in working conditions. The friendly manner in which for many years all questions have been dealt with by this body is an example to other industries. As to any earnings which may be available for those who are bold enough to invest money in shipping, taxation will provide that the rewards are strictly controlled. The real danger is that the control will be so drastic as, in the common phrase, not to make the game (a risky one) worth the candle.

For many years before the war the Scandinavian nations were pushing ahead in shipping. They were quick to see the opportunities which were opened up by the introduction of the motor engine to ships. The Norwegian shipping industry was foremost in building fast motor cargo vessels to bring wool and other commodities to the consuming markets at the opening of each season; it contracted for large fleets of oil tankers, realising how in the ordinary course of commerce the uses of oil and spirit were bound to expand year by year; it went in for whaling in the Antarctic and designed great floating factories for treating the products; and it constructed many smart little motor ships for carrying fruit from semi-tropical islands to the densely populated

regions of Europe, including Britain. Norwegian owners were successful and they deserved the rewards which came to them. They looked ahead and were enterprising. Norway with her long coastlines, mountainous interior, and poor soil must rely largely on the sea for her life. I was impressed during visits to Norwegian ports before the war by the close attention that leading shipowners gave to the details of management, including the equipment of the ships. The personal study reminded one of the genius of the late Sir Donald Currie. The Norwegian people, as is natural considering their circumstances, take pride and immense interest in their shipping industry. It is said that during the last war, when the Norwegian shipping industry did well, the Norwegian Governments were careful not to denude it too drastically of resources by taxation. They knew how much a vigorously conducted shipping industry meant to the nation. Norwegian shipping has served the United Nations well during the present war.

In this country a certain apathy seems traceable to the industrial lead it secured long ago and to the prosperity which followed. The civilisation of a great nation becomes so complex that thousands of different interests compete for attention. The ultimate dependence of the country on its basic industries is apt to be forgotten. Commerce has been put and kept in its place. Shipping has suffered from neglect partly because the capital is so many miles from the sea that even a sight of great liners involves an expedition. There has been a tendency for those who have known little about shipping to regard it as a mere money-making machine. Actually romance, adventure, initiative, and foresight are associated with it, and unless enthusiasm and enterprise in its management predominate and are encouraged, the decay of the industry is inevitable and the outlook for all who gain their living in it is black indeed. Carriage by sea will go to the nations which can still breed real managers, or owners, and who still know how to appreciate work well done. Last summer an article appeared in *Lloyd's List* on the occasion of the publication of proposals for the training of merchant seamen which, referring to the part of shipping in the war, stated plainly—

‘If our experience has not convinced us of the necessity

of maintaining an efficient Merchant Navy—not as a form of reward to the men who have built it up and manned it, but as a sure condition of our survival—then we are a very stupid people who deserve defeat.’

Although the country, with its Allies, won the last war it let its shipping industry afterwards decline sadly in company with the Royal Navy. British shipbuilding suffered an eclipse in output, though not in skill. Foreign yards, including German, began to build for this country. The public has short memories and, failing a complete change of attitude towards the maritime industries on its part and by politicians, the nation after winning the war, owing in part to the universal work of shipping, may once again see its maritime industries decline, and this time, perhaps, to a point from which recovery would be difficult and very slow indeed.

There is danger in the qualities which make this country great. These include its tolerance, its calm, and its refusal to be unduly disturbed or rattled. It favours compromise and often distrusts those who dare to be protagonists of causes. It is inclined to suspect them of having bees in their bonnets, or of worse. It may not be easily aroused again (as it was not in the past) if it hears of foreign encroachments on the activities of British shipping and of the inevitable effects. Much persistence may be needed to prevent a recurrence of the lethargy which has proved so costly in life and property.

No space remains to discuss the sound principles laid down by the Government for the future of shipping and the plans which the industry has considered for dealing with conditions after the war. The Government has declared that this country must continue to serve the world with a large and efficient mercantile marine; that it will be prepared to collaborate with other like-minded Governments in establishing conditions under which the shipping of the world could be efficiently and economically carried on; and that in the term efficiency is included the best attainable conditions of employment for the officers and men. The industry has had committees at work during the last year or two examining the questions. It is well equipped now to put forward carefully thought out proposals for bridging the period from war to peace and for meeting the circumstances which will later prevail.

Its important contributions to the invisible exports of the nation which were declining before the war, in the face of State-aided competition, will be needed more than ever in future, since Britain will not be able to rely on the same income from its foreign investments as in the past to help meet the cost of imports of food and essential raw materials.

At one time the industry was open to criticism for inability always to be agreed on courses to be followed—a weakness due to the independence of its constituents. Now, through the formation of a General Council of British Shipping, it can speak with one voice for all. Its problems are legion. It is faced with the probability of the war ending with a vast volume of simple utility tonnage afloat and an absolute dearth of high-class shipping, and of a large proportion of the cargo tonnage being owned by the United States. On this last point the Government is hoping that the cooperation, practised with such immense advantage to the successful prosecution of the war, will be continued in peace. The industry must also be prepared for a striking development of the transport of passengers and of the more valuable goods by air, a prospect to which it has been giving a great deal of thought. It has been making preliminary preparations to participate in air transport and to use its existing organisation for the new purpose, believing that sea and air transport are complementary to each other. In New Zealand the shipping companies have successfully developed the two forms of transport side by side, and what has been achieved there could certainly be done elsewhere on a larger scale. Yet the full benefits of enterprise and initiative, which will be at least as vital in the future as in the past, will only be secured for the shipping industry if it is accorded the sympathetic treatment by British Governments it has deserved and is properly backed by a nation which once again during critical times it has served extremely well.

CUTHBERT MAUGHAN.

Art. 3.—THE MEDITERRANEAN IN TWO WARS.

DURING the earlier months of the present conflict there was a tendency to seek inspiration and guidance from the events of the Four Years' War with the result that a great many false analogies were drawn. Since the fall of France in the summer of 1940 the reaction against this attitude has been most marked, and in not a few quarters it is held that there is little or nothing we can learn from the lessons of the last war. Surely, however, the time has come to adopt a more balanced standpoint, not least because our enemies are clearly impressed by what happened to them twenty-five years ago in the Mediterranean area.

It can hardly be seriously maintained that the great inland sea was a major theatre during the larger part of the Four Years' War. The Spain of King Alfonso XIII was a friendly neutral: France, Italy, and Greece were numbered among the Allies; and it was only at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean that an enemy was encountered in the shape of the Ottoman Empire. Furthermore, except for a somewhat half-hearted Turkish attack on the Suez Canal, all the offensives in this area were initiated by the Allies, to which the Gallipoli and Salonika operations bear witness. The consequence was that, although German and Austrian submarines from time to time did damage in the Mediterranean, the Allied lines of communication with India, the Far East, and Australasia were never seriously threatened, let alone cut. Indeed, in the early summer of 1918 the Mediterranean almost came into the category of a backwater so far as the war as a whole was concerned.

In spite of this, however, it was there that within a few weeks the final blows were struck which marked the beginning of the end of the Central Powers. The great German offensives in France had died away for lack of reserves without attaining their main objectives, and the Allies had begun to counter-attack: this was the moment chosen for General Allenby's push against the Turks in Syria, and for the Allied offensive from Salonika against the Bulgarians. Germany proved to be in no condition to support her allies, who were then compelled to sue for peace. This opening of Germany's back-door had much

to do with the subsequent collapse of the Reich itself, and in the light of recent events it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the recollection of those days has painfully affected the policy, both military and civil, of Berlin during the past three years. First of all, however, it is necessary to follow in some detail the progress of events since September 1939.

In those seemingly far-off days it once more appeared improbable that the Mediterranean would become a main theatre of operations. Spain and Italy, it is true, inclined to the side of Germany, but the former was still licking her wounds after a long civil war, and the latter, while making it clear where her sympathies lay, showed no great disposition to depart from the path of neutrality, or non-belligerency as her rulers preferred to term it. Such a state of affairs suited Germany admirably, for she was able to import through Italy, which thus constituted a serious gap in the Allied blockade. On the other hand, Greece had been guaranteed by Great Britain against aggression, and Turkey this time was definitely a friendly Power. Militarily, too, the position of the Allies seemed far more secure than it had been in the Four Years' War, for in addition to the British forces in Egypt and Palestine there were large French armies in Syria and North Africa. It was thus reasonable to suppose that any attempt by the enemy to extend the war to the Mediterranean would be attended by considerable risk to himself, and that if Italy intervened a rapid concentration of force could be effected against her.

Such being the case there seemed to be no cause for anxiety regarding the line of communication with India, the Far East, and the Antipodes. Allied ships went on their lawful occasions through the waters of the Mediterranean, and the Orient Express still ran as in time of peace from Paris to Constantinople. Italy, with the passage of the months, increasingly inclined towards Germany, but she was unlikely to enter the conflict so long as the balance of power in the Mediterranean was so overwhelmingly against her. During this period, therefore, that sea was a backwater. In June 1940, however, the situation changed. France left the war, and Italy entered it. The two events were not unconnected. France did not, it is true, go out because Italy came in,

but Italy very definitely came in because France was clearly going out. She hoped to achieve another of those easy victories which had enabled her to secure unity and an empire. Her rulers believed that it was only a question of time—and a very short time—before Britain went the way of France. Not only did Nice, Savoy, and Corsica seem within the Italian grasp, but even the glittering prize of Egypt appeared by no means unattainable.

There is considerable and legitimate difference of opinion as to the extent to which participation in the war was popular in Italy, and no definite answer can be given without more evidence than is at present available. On the other hand it is useless to look at the situation in the summer of 1940 in the light of later events. The great majority of Italians were probably by no means averse to a war which seemed to promise the maximum of advantage combined with the minimum of fighting. It was only when the war began to turn against them, and they realised they were on the losing side, that the Italians disliked it. The theory of an Italy dragged into war by her Fascist rulers is attractive, but it is doubtful if it corresponds with the facts. However this may be, the change was catastrophic from the British point of view. The Western Mediterranean became a highly dangerous area; the narrow straits between Sicily and Africa were in enemy hands; while Egypt and Palestine were threatened on both flanks and in the rear by French and Italian possessions. The British Navy had to look after the Mediterranean at the very moment when it was called upon to do that policing of the seas which had been done by five navies in the Four Years' War, namely the British, French, Italian, American, and Japanese. For upwards of a generation the Entente had been the basis of British strategy: now it was no more.

It is not easy to see why the Italians did not take advantage of the opportunity thus offered. They did, indeed, make one or two moves: they advanced from Cyrenaica a short way into Egypt; they captured Kassala in the Sudan; and they occupied British Somaliland; but that was all. Were they restrained by their German masters, or did they imagine that their opponents were in greater strength than was actually the case? The correct answer is not likely to be known until the war is

over, when it will certainly be instructive to learn what it is. A possible explanation is the inadequacy of the Italian generals who, with the exception of the Duke of Aosta, appear to have been appointed for political, rather than military, reasons. One certainly cannot imagine any competent commander neglecting such a chance, and it is in marked contrast with the offensive spirit which had characterised the Abyssinian campaign and the seizure of Albania. Never again were the Italians to have a like opportunity of winning a notable victory without the aid of their German allies.

From the British point of view the situation could hardly have been worse. The British Isles were themselves in imminent danger of invasion; the large French army in Syria was a potential menace; and the Navy was stretched to the uttermost. All the same, reinforcements were sent, but it took some time for them to arrive, and throughout the months of July, August, and September it seemed as if only a miracle could save the whole British position in the Near and Middle East. The miracle did occur, and it was due to Italian lack of enterprise.

At last, in October 1940, the Italians did make a move, but it proved to be the wrong one, for they attacked Greece. Whether Mussolini acted on his own initiative or at the instigation of Hitler is not clear, but it is not a problem of any great importance. What is obvious is that the Italian Government believed that Greece had neither the power nor the will to resist, and in both respects it had been misinformed by its representative in Athens. General Metaxas, to whom considerably less than justice has been done by his fellow-countrymen for reasons more obvious than creditable, at once refused the Italian demands, and there were soon to be seen the results of the care which King George II and he had devoted to the armed forces of their country. The Italians were driven out of Greece, and the Greeks followed their retreating armies into Albania. At last a small nation was not only standing up to an aggressor, but was beating him, and the result was a tonic to every enemy of the Axis throughout the world.

During the winter of 1940-41, the Greeks steadily drove the Italians back farther and farther into Albania,

and in this they had the assistance of the Royal Air Force. With the arrival of spring it became clear that without German assistance the Italians would have little chance of maintaining a foothold in the Balkan Peninsula at all, and the prestige of the regime sank very low. The glory that was Greece had acquired a new meaning. There had been nothing like it since David overthrew Goliath; but, fortunately for David, Goliath had no allies.

Meanwhile General Wavell had launched an offensive against the Italians on all the African fronts, and a few months sufficed to mark the end of the empire which had been built so quickly and so insecurely. In founding it the rulers of Italy were faced with the alternative of obtaining the mastery of the sea themselves or of keeping on good terms with those who did possess it, namely Great Britain. They failed in both policies, and so they lost their overseas empire. Italian Somaliland, Eritrea, and Abyssinia itself were conquered by armies under the supreme command of General Wavell, and British Somaliland was recovered; in all cases from an enemy greatly superior in numbers. Cyrenaica was overrun with a force of not much more than two divisions, and an Italian army of a quarter-of-a-million men was destroyed. At sea the British Navy asserted its supremacy in a series of remarkable actions.


The result of these operations was to remove for ever the threat to Egypt from the rear, and the importance of this was felt in the following year when Rommel's army stood almost at the gates of Alexandria. At the same time it would not be true to say that the Italians always fought badly. Napoleon bore testimony to their fighting qualities during the retreat from Moscow, and the Piedmontese put up a determined resistance at Keren in Eritrea. The weakness lay in the generalship, which was of a very low standard. The Duke of Aosta was an exception, but he was hampered by the necessity of ensuring the protection of several thousands of women and children. Many Italians, too, fought well under Rommel. To suggest that they always ran away is to do less than justice to the Allied soldiers who overcame them. On the other hand nothing was more remarkable in the course of this fighting than the weakness of the Regia Aeronautica. Before the war there was always the possibility that it might prove

formidable, for individual Italian airmen, such as Pinedo and Balbo, had attained a world-wide reputation, and the performance of Italian teams in international contests had been impressive. The issue proved that these instances were the exception, not the rule, and since the autumn of 1940 the Regia Aeronautica has not been regarded as an effective force either by its allies or its opponents.

The spring of 1941 thus found Italy in a perilous situation. She had lost her East African possessions; she had little prospect of holding Albania and Tripolitania much longer; and with their loss she would herself be exposed to attack from east and south alike. In these circumstances she could only call upon Germany to come to her assistance, and it may well be that future historians will cite the spring of 1941 as the date of Italy's extinction as an independent Power. Henceforth she was to be Germany's satellite, and the Duce little more than a *gauleiter*. The wheel had revolved full cycle since the early days of Nazism when Hitler was patronised by Mussolini.

Nevertheless, with the lesson of the Four Years' War firmly impressed upon the minds of her leaders, Germany had no choice but to come to the assistance of her ally. The clock could not be put back where it was when Italy was still neutral, for British armistice terms would undoubtedly have included the surrender of the Italian fleet and the use of Italian aerodromes. Great Britain would have returned to the mainland of Europe, whence she had been driven at Dunkirk, and the war would be on Germany's doorstep. In view of what had happened in the late summer and early autumn of 1918, self-preservation forbade Germany leaving Italy to her fate, and she was compelled to intervene in the Mediterranean theatre.

She was well able to do so. Whether by this time Hitler had already decided to attack Russia cannot be stated for certain, but apart from any complications on this score he had an entirely free hand. There was no other European front. His magnificent army was undefeated and intact, while although the Luftwaffe had been defeated in the Battle of Britain it was still much stronger than the Royal Air Force. Above all, Germany had the advantage of acting upon interior lines. Opposed



to her there stood alone the British Empire, still only half-prepared for war, and the heroic Greeks. The odds were overwhelmingly in favour of Germany, as was clearly seen once she began to move. Rumania was already under her control, and Bulgaria, for the fourth time in half a century, betrayed the cause of Balkan unity. At the eleventh hour a Royal *coup d'état* in Yugoslavia rallied that country to the side of the Allies, but she was ill-fitted to conduct a major war, and was soon overthrown. The German hordes then descended upon Greece.

In some ways the situation resembled that in the autumn of 1915 when Serbia was overrun, and once more British troops were sent to the assistance of the country attacked. In the case of Greece there has been some criticism of the policy adopted, and it has been argued that since Great Britain had not sufficient resources to continue the offensive in North Africa and to help the Greeks it would have been sounder strategy to have left the latter to a fate which was inevitable from the beginning. The answer is surely to be found in an observation of Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell some two and a half years before: 'Remember that no war can ever be fought as the sailor, the soldier, and the airman would like to fight it. Political considerations are bound at times to overrule the dictates of sound strategy.' These words are specially applicable to the position in the Eastern Mediterranean in the spring of 1941, and it was such reasoning that induced the British Government to send what assistance it could to King George and his hard-pressed subjects.

It is difficult to see what other policy was possible. The Greeks had put up a resistance which had compelled the admiration of the whole non-Axis world, and they had, moreover, a British guarantee. Had Great Britain in these circumstances stood by, and seen her ally go down, the effect upon public opinion everywhere, especially in the United States, would have been deplorable. There was a marked analogy with the case of Holland and Belgium in May 1940. In both instances it may be argued that the action taken was militarily unsound, though this is very far from being an established fact, but honour forbade the adoption of any other course.

Soon, indeed, all was lost save honour. After a gallant

resistance by Greek and Imperial forces, the Germans occupied the mainland of Greece and the adjacent islands ; then they attacked Crete, which they also conquered, but not until after their picked airborne troops had been badly mauled. In North Africa it was the same story. While the British Navy was occupied with the Greek and Cretan campaigns, Rommel got across the sea, and before long all the ground won had again been lost : the Axis was back at the Egyptian frontier. The spring of 1941 marked Britain's darkest hour in the Mediterranean theatre, and it is necessary to go back to 1797 to find an adequate parallel.

This is not the place for a detailed account of the fighting in North Africa between the spring of 1941 and that of 1943, but when the full story comes to be written it may well prove to have had a far greater effect upon the war as a whole than was always realised by contemporaries. The comparison with the Peninsular War cannot be lightly dismissed. Year after year the Duke of Wellington sallied forth from his Portuguese bases and defeated the French armies, but was unable to retain the ground which he had gained. At home many people grumbled at the apparent waste of men and money, and demanded the opening of another front elsewhere. Yet, when, after the disastrous Russian campaign, Napoleon wanted every man he could collect to restore the situation in Central Europe he was obliged to leave large forces in the Peninsula. Finally, the Iron Duke won the great battle of Vittoria, drove the French out of Spain, and invaded France itself by the back door, thereby largely contributing to the overthrow of Napoleon. Future generations may well see an analogy between these operations and the North African campaign in the present war.

There would appear to be another point of similarity between Napoleonic days and the present. Then Great Britain found it necessary to hold Sicily in order to prevent the enemy from obtaining complete control of the Mediterranean. In this age of aerial warfare Malta for long took the place of Sicily, and the part played by that island in the defence of the Allied position in the Near and Middle East could hardly be over-estimated. The toll of Axis aircraft and ships which its defenders then exacted was indeed formidable, and may well have been sufficient to

turn the scale. When the time came to pass to the attack Malta proved an invaluable offensive base.

Had Napoleon exerted himself to finish off the Peninsular War, say in 1810, when he had all the necessary resources at his disposal, the story of 1813 might have been very different. Similarly, it is surely one of the unsolved mysteries of the present war why the Germans, having regained Cyrenaica and taken Crete, did not at once throw their whole weight against the Allies in the Near and Middle East. The British position had proved to be extremely weak, and the circumstances which, for various reasons, existed in Syria, Iraq, and Persia definitely favoured the Axis. Had the Germans pushed home their success of the spring of 1941 it is difficult to resist the conclusion that by the end of the year they might well have been masters of the whole area in question, even up to the borders of India itself. In that case they could have deferred their attack upon Russia until 1942, when the first advance from Asiatic Turkey would have given them the oil-fields of the Caucasus. Instead, Russia was invaded too late in the year, and from then began a series of disasters. From its commencement, therefore, the Russian adventure was closely connected with the progress of events in the Mediterranean, and the Anglo-Greek resistance undoubtedly delayed the German attack on Russia for what proved to be several precious weeks.

The upshot of this strange German failure to reinforce success in the Near East was that when next the real clash came in North Africa the general situation was a good deal more favourable to Great Britain and her allies. Syria had been wrested from the hands of Vichy ; an Anglo-Russian force was stationed in Persia, where a new Shah was on the throne ; and care had been taken that there should be no recrudescence of pro-Axis activities in Iraq. The flank of the British position, as well as the rear, was now secure, and when Rommel made his attack it had to be a frontal one. The circumstances in the late summer of 1942 were in marked contrast with what they had been at the same period of 1940 when the Axis missed its first chance.

The defeat of Rommel and the subsequent victorious advance of the British forces through Libya created a new problem for the Axis, or rather reproduced in a more

acute form that which Berlin and Rome hoped had been finally solved eighteen months before. Their difficulties were further accentuated by the arrival in North Africa of United States forces, and by the return of no inconsiderable part of the French Empire to the Allied cause. Once more it was obvious that only prompt German action could save Italy, and thus keep closed, at any rate for a time, the back-door into the Reich itself. The memory of 1918 again compelled the dispatch of large German forces to the Mediterranean area, and that at a time when every available man was required on the Russian front. M. Litvinov once said that peace is indivisible, and the same observation can be applied with equal justice to the present war. It is thus impossible to understand the importance of the Mediterranean theatre unless it is viewed in connection with the other fronts. With the British in Tripoli, and the Americans in Algiers, the German General Staff was under no illusions on that score, and it determined, by the seizure of Tunisia, to postpone as long as possible the evil day when North Africa should become the spring-board for an invasion of Europe.

There was, however, another and equally cogent reason why the Axis should seek to maintain its hold on the North African coast as long as possible, namely the aid which this brought to its submarines in the battle of the Atlantic. Berlin knew very well that the re-opening of the Mediterranean route would be worth something like one and a quarter million tons of new shipping to the Allies, while a considerable amount of naval tonnage would be set free for service elsewhere since much of the convoy work in the Mediterranean could be done from the air. In effect, the longer the Axis held out in North Africa the greater the hope of victory in the Atlantic, to which, since the autumn of last year, the Germans had been looking to redress the balance so ominously tilting against them elsewhere. The connection between the North African and the Atlantic campaigns could hardly be closer. In these circumstances it is not easy to appreciate Mr Churchill's reasons for believing that the reinforcement of the Axis troops in Tunisia was a further example of Hitler's military incompetence, and it is at least arguable that the step served an extremely important strategic purpose.

The extension of the war to the Far East also gave further importance to the Mediterranean. The extent of the cooperation between Japan and her European partners in the Axis may be a matter for speculation, but there can be no doubt that each takes every advantage of any opportunity provided by the other. The virtual closing of the Mediterranean to Great Britain as a line of communication with the East, and the consequent necessity of using the long sea-route round the Cape of Good Hope, has been of inestimable advantage to Japan in the pursuit of her aggressive designs. Similarly, so long as Uncle Sam has to undertake by far the greatest part of the task of stemming the Japanese drive towards Australia he is fighting Germany with one hand tied behind his back. This is a fact for which allowance might well be made by those who never appear to weary of criticising our American allies ; had it not been for the latter's pre-occupation with Japan it is more than doubtful whether the Axis would ever have been able to gain a foothold in Tunisia at all. The closer one looks at any campaign in the present war the more difficult does it become to dissociate one theatre from another : we may not see the connecting-links in every instance but they are there all the same.

Surely, too, the Tunisian campaign has one lesson of an essentially heartening nature. The magnificent army led by von Arnim collapsed as soon as it was defeated. The third week of April saw it fighting with a vigour and a competence which could only command respect : by the end of the first week in May it was a disorganised rabble coming in to surrender in its own transport. There was no attempt to hold Bizerta as the Americans had defended Corregidor. We know now that the Nazi of 1943 is the same man as his father was in 1918, or, for that matter, his great-great-grandfather at Jena : when he is defeated, he collapses, but he does not collapse until he is defeated. One day we shall see on the mainland of Europe a collapse comparable with that in Tunisia, though on an infinitely larger scale, but this will not occur until Germany has been defeated in the field.

At first sight it may appear in the nature of a paradox that in a civilisation essentially oceanic the Mediterranean should play so important a part in deciding the fate of

nations, but no changes brought about by human progress can alter its geographical position. If the great centres of man's activity are no longer confined to its immediate neighbourhood the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 invested it with a new significance, as the Four Years' War and the present struggle have so clearly proved. The Mediterranean will ever remain in the centre of the world, and in these circumstances it can never be left out of account either in war or in peace. When the Axis has been finally overthrown not the least difficult of the problems calling for solution will be concerned with its riparian states.

That time is not yet, but in the interval the Mediterranean is the scene of operations which cannot but affect most vitally the final decision. We have seen the influence exercised in the Four Years' War by the course of events in that theatre, and also the extent to which the memory of them has modified strategy on both sides during the past three years. Prophecy in matters of this nature is always dangerous, but it will be surprising if, when the full story is told, the Mediterranean area does not prove to have been at least as important as any other front.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 4.—POST-WAR COMMITMENTS.

1. *Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population Report.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1940.
2. *Report of the Committee on Land Utilisation in Rural Areas.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1942.
3. *Expert Committee on Compensation and Betterment.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1942.
4. *Social Insurance and Allied Services.* Report by Sir William Beveridge. H.M. Stationery Office, 1942.

STRONG as are the arguments for confronting post-war problems not only with courage but with optimism, nevertheless the dangers of disillusionment are very great, and it is wise to take dead reckoning.

It was recently pointed out in 'The Times' that nearly a hundred and fifty years ago Pitt the younger laid before Parliament a bill which was to provide 'family allowances, compulsory national insurance, and a general system of technical education.' A few weeks later, a financial crisis put the whole scheme outside the bounds of practical politics.

During the last war there was much canvassing of reconstruction. The present Archbishop of Canterbury took an active part in it. The aim of this movement was to raise wages and shorten hours of work. Now, there are optimum hours of work and optimum wages, but they have to be discovered experimentally and not imposed *a priori*. It was overlooked that in cost of production a large part is labour cost and that you can sell goods only at prices that people can and will pay. It was pointed out at the time that the policy advocated would make things better for those employed but that unemployment would increase.

Nowadays it is said that things are different. The problem now is the distribution of plenty. Wheat and coffee before the war were burnt, fish thrown into the sea, and plums allowed to rot, while people were short of food. The truth ought to be faced that this is part of the problem of planning. In agriculture you plan your sowings allowing for a bad year. If it should prove a good year, you may have more than you can sell. If this position is not accepted, the first question is, who is to buy the surplus? The second is, As transport facilities are planned for normal needs, can transport be got to transfer the food to where it is needed in time? The next question is, Who is to pay for the transport? Then, At what price is the food to be sold? If it is sold at less than the market price, you 'queer' the price relying on which the producers produce and you induce them to produce less next time.

The optimism referred to at the beginning of the last paragraph is not sure. In 'The Times' for May 17, 1943, it was stated: 'There has been much loose talk to the effect that the world already produces enough food for everybody if it were properly distributed. It seems far more likely, going by such figures as we possess, that even if all the food which is grown or can be grown under

present conditions were put into distribution, there would not be anything like enough, particularly of what are called the protective foods, to maintain all over the world a reasonable standard of health and efficiency.' On June 19, 1943, a letter signed by three leading and representative scientists discounted the claims made that science could produce plenty quickly.

'Planning' ought as far as possible to survey all a nation's commitments and needs and decide on priorities. The Government decides to curtail the production of certain goods and services. For other goods and services, after the war, there is likely to be an almost unlimited need. In these cases, restriction on output ought to be removed—both when it is brought about by capitalists and when it is brought about by trade unions and workers. If you do not trouble about production but only give people more money (as in the Beveridge scheme), things will be scarce and dear: the purchasing power will go down.

That there is excessive optimism about production is further evidenced by the facts that in the fourth year of total war, in spite of unheard of exertions and service, we produce only two-thirds of the food we consume under rationed conditions, and, although for coal production wages were raised and 5,000 more men engaged in the pits, production is down by 100,000 tons a week.

Among the tasks awaiting us after the war will be the maintenance of large military forces. There will be the disarming of the Axis powers, occupation of Axis countries, and the maintenance of such forces as, together with those of the United States and other allies, would intimidate any country or group of countries seeking to force post-war ambitions. Europe, when hostilities cease, will require the sending thither large military forces for police purposes, vast quantities of food and medical succour, the organisation of continental transport, the feeding of Europe not for days or weeks but months. The task of enabling Europe to get on to its feet in economic production will require much Lend-Lease. The vistas opened by the Hot Springs conference are large.

At home the first claim upon us will be those who have suffered, beyond common measure, through the war. Then there will be the gigantic task of building. First

comes the control of land. The Uthwatt report recommends that in land outside built-up areas the State should acquire, by a single act, all the development rights, and that compensation should be paid in an assessment of the country as a whole. The Barlow report advocates that redevelopment of congested city areas should be carried out; that decentralisation of industries and industrial population from these areas is essential; and that the location of industries should be planned, this involving the purchase of land by the community. The Scott report advocates the introduction of industries into the towns of country areas and the construction of houses in rural areas. The number of houses officially stated to be required by the nation at large is between three and four millions. Birmingham alone contemplates schemes running into hundreds of millions of pounds. Everywhere exchequer grants are called for. For the new towns greatly increased transport facilities will have to be provided. Getting industries going for peace-time priorities will be a huge undertaking. Subsidies to agriculture must be forthcoming. There is a colossal internal National Debt which we pile up at the rate of millions a day. There is Lend-Lease, for which we owe a balance to the United States. There is a big programme of education: many schools to be built and equipped; many teachers to be recruited; training colleges to be built, equipped and staffed; salaries and wages to be paid; and so on. There is an item for afforestation of 41,000,000*l*. The Beveridge scheme of social insurance is of such magnitude as to call for separate consideration later.

It is a grave fallacy to suppose that this country is economically as well placed as Russia or the United States of America. Each of these continents has practically everything it needs within its own borders. It is also a grave fallacy to think that the British Commonwealth of Nations remedies this disparity, because each of the Dominions is absolutely autonomous—and the war has thrown Canada, Australia, and New Zealand towards the United States. In Britain, coal is the only raw material of which more than sufficient could be obtained at home. Before the war we imported two-thirds of the iron-ore we used, all our cotton, and five-sixths of our wool. We paid for imports by exporting coal, machinery, cotton goods,

and woollen goods. But these industries had been going down: our coal was too dear and other countries manufactured for themselves. Cotton piece-goods exported to India in 1913 amounted to 3,000,000,000 yards; in 1936, 400,000,000; in 1938-39, 200,000,000. Electrical engineering and motor-car manufacture took their place. But the war has caused these industries to be developed in countries to which we sold.

In 1938 we imported, at 1938 prices, 850,000,000*l.* worth.

Food, drink, including tea, coffee, and cocoa, and tobacco	418,000,000 <i>l.</i>
Raw materials and semi-manufactured articles	315,000,000 <i>l.</i>
Finished products	75,000,000 <i>l.</i>
Motor oil	45,000,000 <i>l.</i>

Per head, the imports were in this country 14*l.*; in France and Germany, 5*l.*; in the U.S.A. 2*l.*; and in Japan, 1*l.*

Before the war there were 93 per cent. employed in industry in this country. In agriculture were employed: in this country 7 per cent., U.S.A. 20 per cent., Germany 30 per cent., France 40 per cent., Italy 50 per cent., Japan 50 per cent.

As to population, this country is fifteen times as densely populated as the U.S.A. Our average imports in seven years before the war amounted to 750,000,000*l.*

Our tangible exports were	425,000,000 <i>l.</i>
Supply and other services	120,000,000 <i>l.</i>
Foreign investments	180,000,000 <i>l.</i>

We are absolutely dependent on international trade—in particular, in respect of our mercantile marine. We have no oil and shall have to import more than we did before the war. We have lost foreign investments. Countries like Russia and the United States need not buy much from us. Old customers will have turned to other sellers. We are dependent on international agreements, and both Russia and the United States are uncertain in this connection.

As 'The Times' said recently, 'The most efficient system of international finance will not put international

trade on a healthy footing *unless the countries which wish to sell products to other countries are ready to buy in exchange goods produced by their customers.* The test of an international system is the exchange of goods that can be produced *most economically* in one country for those that can be produced *most economically* in others.*

Our chief customers will be poorer and competitive countries. Some of the Danubian countries are so poor that, in order to get necessary imports, they have to sell food they ought themselves to consume.

The solution of this problem that is now being offered is: Raise the standard of living in the less favoured countries. But this is a very long-term policy. In countries like India, China, and Japan there is such a spate of population as to make it one of colossal difficulty.

The provision of social services in Britain now is, on the testimony of Sir William Beveridge, 'on a scale not surpassed and hardly equalled in the world.' In Hungary before the war the average *wage* was less than our *unemployment* pay.

Now the gigantic claims made on the national income after the war will be bound to raise the prices of what we try to sell abroad, and if we do not sell enough abroad and produce enough consumption goods, we fail.

In the light of the above considerations let us examine the Beveridge Report. First let us pay due heed to the bad impression made abroad by the Report and by the enthusiasm for giving it first priority. The starving peoples interpret this as proof that the British give first priority to securing for themselves a yet higher standard of living, irrespective of the claims of suffering nations. In debate in the House of Commons Mr Pickthorn said that he would place in the library Turkish newspapers to show what an unfortunate impression had been made in a friendly country.

The cost of the Beveridge scheme involves, in the first instance, on each man the payment of an annual premium of over 11*l.* and doubling employers' contributions. Exchequer aid in the first year would be 86,000,000*l.*, and would mount until in a full year it was 250,000,000*l.* *in addition to the present exchequer payment for social services*

* March 24, 1943.

of 270,000,000*l.*, i.e. in the full years the total exchequer grant would be 521,000,000*l.* Before the war a shilling of income tax produced 60,000,000*l.* ; so, if the exchequer contribution to the new social security scheme were raised in income tax, it would mean an income tax of about 9*s.* in the pound for 'social security' alone.

Is it not specious to argue that these levies would not be any serious tax on industry? Would working men contribute 4*s.* 3*d.* a week without asking what their net wages would be and seeking an increase? This difficulty is not met by pointing out that on the average the working man now pays little less than 4*s.* 3*d.* a week in insurance. In a number of instances the 4*s.* 3*d.* would be a considerable increase; in many more, the frugal have insured themselves and the 4*s.* 3*d.* would be an addition that would be a strain. Alternatively, if the contributions of working men did not produce increase in wages, their contribution would mean reduced wages and purchasing power. The employer's contribution is admitted in the Report to be an addition to costs but is explained away as calling for only a tiny addition. To this it has to be replied that this tiny addition as estimated is an average. In the case of some commodities, in the production of which the labour cost was high (and it can be cumulative, as it takes at least two tons of coal to make a ton of steel, and then things are made of steel), the addition might well be considerable and these might well include commodities that it would be highly desirable to sell abroad. Thirdly, would not the considerable addition to income and other taxes lead to demands for higher salaries? And would not all this lead to reduction of capital reserves at a time when experiment, research, invention, and replacement of plant would be imperative?

An unemployed man with wife and one child would receive 48*s.* per week; he would also be relieved of 4*s.* 3*d.* contribution and of travelling and other expenses involved in being at work. Therefore, the minimum wage, to induce a man to get out of unemployment, would be round about 3*l.* With the minimum income guaranteed by the Beveridge scheme, Sir William argues that there is still inducement to *improve* standard of living. But there are considerable numbers who have a certain standard of life and when that is attained, stop work. This is

common among coal miners, for example, and a recent court case in Birmingham revealed that it was common among conductresses of buses—under municipal ownership.

The Report shares a fallacy with the Douglas theory of Social Credit—that by giving people more money you necessarily increase production. If you do not trouble about production but only give people more money, inflation results. Even under the maximum stimulus of the war, has agricultural production been easy, has coal production been easy?

A very serious result of some post-war schemes would be the reduction of producers. By Beveridge any occupation, even part-time, which did not provide a wage equivalent to the unemployment pay or retirement pension would be discouraged. By the education plans large quantities of youth labour would be removed. As against this the Beveridge scheme introduces into this country the principle of compulsory labour. When an unemployed person has completed his period of unemployment pay, he must go to a training course and take the work it fits him for, whatever that work and wherever.

The Beveridge Report claims to be aimed at the abolition of *want*. But it provides benefits as a legal right to by far the larger portion of the community *not* in want and thereby encourages prodigality. It applies a flat rate in defiance of the fact that the greatest inequality is the equal treatment of the unequal. It ignores the great disparity in house rents, with the result that its equal demands would mean unequal burdens. Its benefits are equal, whereas people willing to work harder ought to be induced to do so, as in Russia, where the benefits of social insurance are in proportion to the income earned.

In spite, however, of the parade of equality in the Beveridge scheme, it proposes a glaring inequality and wrong. The independent worker, the person not fortunate enough to have an employer to pay contributions for him, *does not get unemployment benefit, nor sickness benefit for the first thirteen weeks of illness, during which he has to maintain his contributions.*

Children's allowances are argued for as promoting increase in population. Where tried, they have not increased population. But if they did, it would be pre-

ponderantly at the lower end of the social scale. 'Our Towns: A Close-up' reveals a dangerously inferior population, not due to bad housing or lack of money. Many of the children described in this Report had been moved before the war into brand-new Council houses with their parents without any improvement whatever in cleanliness or standard of living. The trouble is absence of parental care and is this to be improved by giving the parents more money? Will children's allowances be spent on the children? And in other cases will not family allowances be offset by taxation required to finance the Beveridge Scheme?

No social insurance plan should provide security for the idler, waster, or spendthrift. It would be grossly unfair to impose contributions on good citizens for the maintenance of bad. A 'Times' leading article supporting the Beveridge scheme said 'Social security benefits represent income transferred from one section of the community to another—from the employed to the unemployed, from the healthy to the sick.' Right as this is up to a point, is there no danger of subsidising unemployment and the sick at the expense of the fit? *

The medical service adumbrated in the Report has already been subjected to such criticism from the medical profession alone that it is safe to say that the medical profession will not be reorganised as is advocated in this part of the Report. But if such an important section of the Report, when confronted with reality, so suddenly succumbs, would it not be wise to subject the rest of the Report to criticism in the light of this?

Centralisation, which proved so attractive when the Report was published, ignores the fact that there are alternate waves of demand for centralising and splitting up. It is not long since we split up the poor law, assigning part to the Board of Education, part to the Ministry of Health, and part to the Ministry of Pensions. The Royal Commission on National Health Insurance, 1926, said: 'We do not think that the best interests of the State or of the insured population would be served by a vast

* A Chinese has written: 'In Great Britain, if a family is careful, conserves its means, works hard and increases its own, and therefore the national assets, it is taxed the more heavily to provide for other families who do not conserve their means.'

amalgamation of all resources of the scheme in a common fund administered from the centre, and we are satisfied that such an amalgamation would create as much discontent as it would allay.' If great central offices of a Ministry of Social Security had to be provided all over the country, the cost would be tremendous, and the recent distribution of ration books did not argue in favour of centralisation.

There are implications in the policy of social security which have important economic effects. Are you in favour of economic security for all persons irrespective of how they behave? If you remove the economic rein and if self-discipline is not forthcoming adequately, will not our last state be worse than the first?

Some of those who most overweeningly backed the Beveridge Report are now making reservations. 'The Times' for June 16, 1943, said: 'It would be folly to deny that some of Sir William Beveridge's proposals present complexities which are insufficiently understood by the general public—plans for training, the diversity of house rents, provision for the aged, the level of workers' and employers' contributions—to mention only a few.'

We come back to the fact that the Beveridge Scheme is dependent on the country being able to have enough employment—employment on production—and on international cooperation, and these things we cannot guarantee in advance.

It has been and is popular to clamour for exchequer grants because this has been a method of 'soaking the better off.' But the war has brought about a great redistribution of wealth, and some little time ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that over 80 per cent. of the purchasing power of the country was in incomes under 500*l.* a year. The application of income-tax has had to be extended. We are approaching the time when what is put into one pocket will be taken out of another.

We have had a sharp warning. There being immediate need for cottages for agricultural workers, the Government was pressed to build. When, owing to shortage of wood, it was proposed to have concrete stairs and floors in them, strong indignation was expressed. It was seriously claimed that they ought to be provided with refrigerators.

When estimates were obtained, it was found that the lowest was 747l. per house. This of course was due not only to scarcity prices of materials but largely to high wages. As Sir Percy Hurd, M.P., said, 'This will happen in every phase of post-war development. If we carry out the expansion of service we are now acclaiming, the problem of costs will become even more formidable. We had better face the fact and brace ourselves to meet the new situation.'*

It would appear to be better to try first to be able to produce commodities that we could sell to the countries from which we need imports on such a scale as to secure employment for as many as possible and provide commodities as cheap as possible and then be able to make generous provision for all.

The Fourth of July each year gives fresh life to fallacies of the Age of Reason. It is held to be 'self-evident' that 'all men are created equal.' The fallacy was perpetuated and enhanced by Lincoln's borrowed eloquence about government by the people. Reason is meretricious unless wedded to fact and the fact is that people are greatly unequal and that, as Mr Shaw has pointed out, the people can no more govern than operate the calculus or write plays. What would the framers of the American constitution have said if they had read in a recent number of the 'Spectator' a Scottish divine proclaiming that 'heredity is the greatest of forces that mould mankind'? Sir Flinders Petrie said that if only a few hundred persons were taken out of history, we should be living in the Stone Age, and 'if ten thousand men could be picked out of any country so as to remove the most fruitful minds, that country would come to a complete standstill: it is in the development of the able individuals and in giving every chance to such whenever they arise that the hopes of the great mass must lie.' He many years ago sketched the

* 'The Times,' June 17, 1943. In 1907, in 'Janus in Modern Life,' the late Sir Flinders Petrie pointed out that the Bricklayers' Union had raised wages and cut down work from 800 or 900 bricks laid daily to 270 or 330 in different standards. 'By raising the cost of labour to three times the amount, the cost of building must be nearly doubled. The dearness of the lodging of the poor is really due to the bricklayers.' Since the war, the Ministry of Labour's Essential Work Order provided a bricklayer with a bonus if he lays more than 300 or 400 bricks a day.

life-history of a civilisation as passing through the stage of military autocracy, aristocracy, oligarchy, representative government on a limited franchise. At this stage, he said, unequal possessions make it possible for able but less prolific people not to be swamped by the merely more prolific. But then democracy takes control of the economic field. We see this taking place now in our own country. This great war has precipitated a great fallacy. It is commonly held that, before the war, when extensions of the social services were asked for, the ruling class replied that the country could not afford it, whereas no sooner did war break out than vast sums of money were forthcoming: 'if we can afford up to thirteen millions a day in war, what can we not afford in peace?' The answer of course is that when people are fighting for life and liberty, they will sacrifice greatly, pawning the future. We are living on the pawnshop. The Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, savings in Post Office and trustee savings banks are such pawning. The interest is paid—nearly all, however, in bookkeeping entries. When hostilities cease, a great deal of abnormal expenditure will be maintained for a long time and the reduced number of people engaged in industries productive of peace-time goods and services will have to produce the goods and services according to the real demand or we fail. Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, savings in Post Office and trustee savings banks represent proportionate claims on these goods and services. But now it is maintained that 'the Government' must produce whatever the people may want and 'be its servant.' In war-time, rise of cost of living, it is claimed, must be met by increasing wages and salaries—at the cost of those less well off. In domestic affairs the policy is appeasement. Bus workers, for example, applied for increase, were referred to a tribunal including Professor Laski, and were refused. Strikes took place, the employers met the workers and increased the wages. All this of course is concealed, deferred inflation. Wages are added to at the cost of prices and sufficient reserves.

Not only individualist America but also communist Russia, in spite of their vast resources, have found in actual experience the need to lay very great stress on production and the need, to this end, for great differentia-

tion of reward for work done.* If, owing to inadequate production, we cannot sell our goods abroad after the war and our goods at home are too dear and unemployment results, there will be great danger. Even violence might ensue and Sir Flinders Petrie's cycle end once more in chaos.

R. F. RATTRAY.

* Index figures comparing physical output per head in particular industries :—

	U.K. (1935)	Germany (1936)	U.S.A. (1937)
Coal	100	143	263
Coke	100	152	221
Blast-furnace products	100	115	361
Iron and steel products	100	95	400
Machinery	100	110	280
Motor cars	100	98	419
Radio sets	100	70	482
Cotton spinning	100	120	120
Cotton weaving	100	68	130

Output of coal in cwt. per man-shift :—

Year	Great Britain	Ruhr	Poland	Netherlands
1913	20.37	18.5	20	16
1936	23.50	33	40	35

Art. 5.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1. *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*. Edited by his son. London, 6 vols., 1849–50.
2. *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*. Edited by J. W. Warter. London, 4 vols., 1856.
3. *Early Life of Robert Southey*. By William Haller. New York, 1917.
4. *Southey*. By Edward Dowden. London (English Men of Letters), 1880, New Ed., 1909.

5. *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*. By Joseph Cottle, London, 1847.
6. *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*. Edited by E. H. Coleridge. London, 2 vols., 1895.
7. *Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge*. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. London, 2 vols., 1932.
8. *Poems of Robert Southey*. Edited by Maurice H. FitzGerald. Oxford, 1909.

'SOUTHEY was only the best man and the best writer of the age in which he lived, and the strongest support of Peel's administration; but Southey is dead, and no edifice can stand on a dead body.' So wrote Landor in disgust at his failure to secure a state pension for Southey's widow. Characteristically he exaggerated; he also forgot that, for four years before his death on March 21, 1843, Southey's mental breakdown had ended forty years of ceaseless literary activity, and the infirmities of the human memory are most apparent in statesmen. Nevertheless, Southey had been eminent as a writer for nearly half a century—so eminent and respectable that the Dean of Westminster seemingly shared the statesmen's remissness in allowing his burial in Crosthwaite's unpretentious churchyard. At twenty-four he was 'the most conspicuous poet opposing the ministry and the war with France'; his Keswick home was a shrine for pilgrimage by Shelley, in adolescent admiration for the poet who had revolutionised the epic; he became at thirty-seven (with the sole exception of a Mr Laurence Eusden) the youngest of all Poets Laureate; Byron, his most savage literary assailant, admitted that he was 'the only existing entire man of letters'; for thirty years he was the most valued contributor to the 'Quarterly Review,' receiving a hundred guineas an article. His early reputation he sustained by a regular output of remarkable quality; besides periodical work, he published over forty books, many—like the histories of Brazil and the Peninsular War and the miscellany called 'The Doctor'—in several volumes. Reaping no rich rewards, like Scott and Byron, and depending on reviewing as his main source of income, he consoled himself with the sincere belief that his poetry would receive due recognition only after his death. The belief was shared not only by Landor, whose fervour in friendship overbalanced his judgment; Coleridge

asserted his 'fixed and well-earned fame' in the '*Biographia Literaria*,' and Macaulay, one of his three chief vilifiers, preferred his poetry to his prose, and though doubting if his epics would be read by posterity, expressed confidence that, 'if they are read, they will be admired.'

They are neither read nor praised unread. Lazy posterity welcomes the critical platitude that nothing of Southey need be read beyond the lives of Nelson and Wesley and the two lyrics in Palgrave, 'The Scholar' and the 'unpatriotic' 'After Blenheim.' It may be argued that his poetic reputation might have fared better if he had died young, like Shelley and Keats; he would have then escaped Byron's damaging attack invoked by his unlucky 'Vision of Judgment,' as well as the political spleen of Hazlitt and Macaulay. Lytton Strachey lamented that critics and biographers of poets are usually 'highly respectable old gentlemen,' since poets are apt to be young and not highly respectable. Southey's respectability may have repelled the respectable who look for genius in those unlike themselves; his uneventful life offers no scope for sensational treatment, and perhaps he was killed with kindness by Dowden, whose lively monograph is incomparably more readable than his monumental biography of Shelley. There is a deeper explanation of Southey's neglect than easy acceptance of the biased judgments of Byron, Hazlitt, and Macaulay.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on August 12, 1774, the son of an unsuccessful draper, whose wife came from a family of small country squires in superior social and financial circumstances. He was brought up at Bath by his mother's half-sister, a lady of means who numbered among a spinster's eccentricities a passion for the drama; when other children of his age were asleep, young Southey was often seated beside his aunt in the best seats of the theatre. Before he was eight, he had read Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and begun to write a play about Scipio; at school, according to his unfinished autobiography, it seemed to him 'very odd' that other boys 'should not be able to write plays as well as to do their lessons.'

Precocity and lack of holiday playmates engendered a social awkwardness which he never overcame. At his aunt's his sole companion was the house-boy, with whom

rambles in the Avon valley taught an appreciation of Nature's beauties such as Wordsworth was learning in hills above Windermere. 'I am indifferent to society,' he wrote at twenty, 'yet I feel my private attachments growing more and more powerful.' Casual acquaintances felt liking but inability to penetrate his stiff formality of manner, though he was fervent in family affection and fidelity to a few close friends; his schoolfellows, Grosvenor Bedford and Williams Wynn, remained friends for life, and deep mutual regard subsisted for thirty-five years between him and Landor. His aunt's domineering strictness inspired a jealous regard for individual liberty and a tendency to rebellion against authority, which closed his career at Westminster when he published in a school magazine a satirical diatribe against flogging, resulting in the headmaster's prosecution of the printer for libel and the author's expulsion. His maternal uncle, who had contributed to his school expenses with a view to his securing a Christ Church scholarship, wisely refrained from recriminations, but the headmaster's representations, breaking a promise to Southey that the delinquency should not be held against him, effected his rejection by Christ Church, and he went up to Balliol in January 1793.

Arriving at Oxford with 'a heart full of feeling and poetry, a head full of Rousseau and "Werther," and religious principles shaken by Gibbon,' he felt it 'rather disgraceful, at the moment when Europe is on fire with freedom . . . to sit and study Euclid or Hugo Grotius.' Impatience to get to grips with life, as much as dislike of the Test Act as 'a stumbling-block to honesty,' excited distaste for his uncle's plan of his taking orders; he afterwards derided in 'Letters of Espriella' the custom of clerical preferment by which men wasted their prime in waiting for deaths of their seniors to afford succession to college benefices. 'Let me have 200*l.* a year and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires not further,' he wrote; and a few months later, 'Nineteen years! certainly a fourth part of my life; perhaps how great a part; and yet I have been of no service to society.' The prizes of success never tempted him; he subsequently declined Peel's offer of a baronetcy, as well as a parliamentary seat for a rotten borough, with the gift of an estate of 300*l.* a year; he accepted an honorary degree

from Oxford, but declined one from Cambridge, and his gold medal from the Royal Society of Literature he exchanged for a coffee-pot for his wife. Conscious of exceptional intellectual powers, he desired only means to a condition of domestic comfort necessary to their development; when eventually he achieved that condition, his political aims concentrated on the utmost condition of security in which the greatest possible number of the community might acquire self-fulfilment. His life and work were to be dedicated to the practical.

He expressed his republicanism in one of youth's flamboyant gestures by declining the services of the college barber and wearing his hair unpowdered, a mark of rebellion against prevailing aristocratic fashion. Next door at Trinity Landor, 'notorious as a mad Jacobin,' did the same, but Southey's sense of the practical deterred him from seeking his acquaintance. A rebel *malgré lui*, he recoiled from stimulants to his too turbulent instinct; to qualify for orders, 'I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow,' and he reflected moodily, 'it would be easier to break my neck.' He was then 'ignorant enough of history and of human nature to believe, that a happier order of things had commenced with the independence of the United States, and would be accelerated by the French Revolution.' As Coleridge—ever discerning in appraisement as disastrous in direction of his own life—remarked years later to Godwin, systems of philosophy were never Southey's taste or forte; 'he just looked enough into your books to believe you taught republicanism and stoicism; ergo, that he was of your opinion and you of his, and that was all.' When Coleridge convinced him that Godwin was dogmatising for a condition of civilisation to be achieved only by generations of gradual progress, the practical Southey, requiring principles for the regulation of his present conduct, rejected the visionary's selfless seeking for remote perfection.

He read 'Political Justice' during the winter before he met Coleridge, who visited Oxford from Cambridge in June 1794; his enthusiasm was such that he persuaded Coleridge, who had not then read the book, to include Godwin in his sonnets to eminent men. In Godwin's intellectual detachment he found, like Wordsworth, an

antidote to the hysteria of wartime propaganda, a soporific for his horror of the war against republican France. Like Wordsworth, he lacked the fortitude for consolation in Godwin's assurance that 'no important revolution was ever bloodless'; he expressed indignation that friends should try to stir up his feelings against his judgment by suggesting that he was unmoved by Marie Antoinette's execution, and confessed that Brissot's murder 'completely harrowed up' his faculties. He began 'to believe that virtue can only aspire to content in obscurity,' and echoed the poet Cowley's aspiration 'to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society.'

This fancy fired Coleridge's ever questing imagination. 'Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles' should emigrate with twelve suitable women to found on the banks of the Susquehanna a new society, which would by example convert the world to "pantisocracy" and "aspheterism." After the Industrial Revolution had introduced the golden age of money-worship, Victorian critics failed to appreciate how the anguish of a war-stricken world inspired intellectual youth to seek a reformation of society, and flippantly disparaged the plan of Coleridge and Southey as undergraduate extravagance—the more flippantly since Coleridge evolved so many elaborate projects defeated of fruition by temperament and circumstances. But pantisocracy was simply a system of socialism derived from Rousseau and Godwin, and aspheterism the common ownership of essential property now advocated by Sir Richard Acland. Their conception anticipated general comprehension by as many generations as Godwin's doctrines—though by many less than Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

Having already, in revulsion from the dissecting-room, renounced medicine as well as the church, Southey left the university to prepare for emigration. He finished a revolutionary epic, 'Joan of Arc,' which, if successful, would provide him with 'some few acres, a spade, and a plough.' He engaged himself to Edith Fricker, 'a woman whom I have long esteemed as a sister, and for whom I now indulge a warmer sentiment.' Unluckily she had no money, she and her sisters assisting by millinery a widowed

mother with a large family. Charmed by the milliners' admiring listening, Coleridge rashly proposed marriage to one of the sisters, and immediate regret for this impetuosity supplied the first grounds of difference with Southey. Southey's engagement, rather than his pantisocracy, excited his aunt to forbid him her house, and seeing himself committed beyond retraction, he expressed impatience of Coleridge's objections to compromises which he himself admitted for practical reasons.

Lodging together in Bristol, they wrote at the same table and delivered courses of lectures. But so far from accumulating capital, they failed to pay their way, and after a few months, for 'financial reasons,' Southey went to live in his mother's home at Bath. Then, in the autumn of 1795, when Coleridge carried out his obligation in marrying Sarah Fricker, Southey accepted his uncle's invitation to spend six months in Portugal. Coleridge considered that Southey had 'perjured' himself: to the retort that his 'indolence' had decided Southey on the impossibility of their plan's fruition—that he had spent his time talking, or walking about the room *thinking*, while Southey wrote busily at the table—he replied that in compiling the lectures 'all the *tug* of brain' was his while Southey's share was 'little more than transcription.' In this lay their constitutional difference. The flights of Coleridge's imagination far outsped his pen; he thought and talked, and before he had made more than memoranda, the nose of his inquiring mind was following fresh scent. By contrast Southey possessed the power of concentration on the matter in hand; with zest he attacked a task, ignoring all diversions; like Trollope and Arnold Bennett, he could work by the clock.

He married Edith Fricker before leaving for Portugal, where he diligently studied Spanish and Portuguese literature, and sounded the knell of his revolutionary zeal when he saw 'a woman carrying a heavy burden of wood on her head, which she had cut herself, and spinning as she went along—a melancholy picture of industrious wretchedness.' Such a sight excited in Wordsworth a reformer's indignation; from Southey it evoked the assurance that 'I have learned to thank God that I am an Englishman; for though things are not so well there as in Eldorado, they are better than anywhere else.' Thus stole upon his

senses the drug of compromise which fettered his talents in life-long bondage and exposed his reflective moments to gnawings of conscience only in degree less harrowing than De Quincey's pains of opium.

Returning from Portugal, he began married life at Bristol, prepared a book of his travels, published 'Joan of Arc,' and wrote reviews and verses for magazines. As there had been few ambitious attempts at epic narrative since Pope's time, 'Joan of Arc,' with its topical interest in eulogising liberty, was lavishly reviewed. Anna Seward, 'Swan of Lichfield' in her day as Marie Corelli was goose of Stratford in hers, was 'drowned in tears' while reading the poem, and recording her emotions in a notebook, transcribed them in a 'Philippic on a Modern Epic' for a popular newspaper. Southey was rated the most promising of rising poets, and when the 'Anti-Jacobin Review' appeared in 1798, it recognised his genius while attacking him as the most talented of young revolutionaries.

In spite of this success and the gift by his friend Wynn of an annuity of 160*l.*, Southey felt the need for a stable subsistence, and went to London to read law; while writing his second and third epics, 'Madoc' and 'Thalaba the Destroyer,' he contributed verses to the 'Morning Post' at a guinea a week, edited the 'Annual Anthology,' and was the only reviewer to applaud Landor's 'Gebir.' In 1801, when 'Thalaba' was published, he abandoned the law, reading which he regarded as 'thrashing straw' and committing murder on his intellect, and accepted a post as secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, which he resigned after a few months. He made many friends—Humphry Davy, Rickman, Elmsley, Charles Lamb, Taylor of Norwich—but 'none with whom the whole of my being is intimate'; 'weary of vagabonding about' and with the birth of his first child imminent, he wanted a permanent home. He had long been reconciled with the affectionate Coleridge, who, struggling with illness and opium, repeatedly invited him to visit Greta Hall, Keswick; when eventually, burdened with the sorrow of his eldest child's death, he went there as a guest in 1803, he found the home in which he remained till his death forty years later.

Till the finely tempered mechanism of his brain broke

down under strain four years before his death, his life at Keswick was devoted to literary labour relieved by the rarest remissions. His visits to Landor at Llanthony in 1811, Como in 1817, and Clifton in 1836, three continental and two Scottish tours were almost his only formal holidays in forty years; visits to London infrequently interrupted his routine. 'My days among the dead are past,' he wrote in his best-known lyric, and the life of seclusion in his study, 'conversing with books rather than men' and 'communing with my own heart,' he regarded as 'the greatest of all advantages' to a poet. It nevertheless accounted for an absence of psychological understanding evident alike in his biographies and personal relations. Incapable of sympathising with the complexities of Coleridge's temperament, while he ungrudgingly assumed responsibility for the upbringing of Coleridge's children, he condemned his infirmities as moral frailty. Recognising Coleridge's incompatibility with his wife, he could not realise the intolerable torture he endured in daily contact with her, because he himself demanded no intellectual affinity in a wife. Southey's wife 'sympathises with nothing, she enters into none of his peculiar pursuits—she only loves *him*,' wrote Coleridge; 'she is therefore a respectable Wife, but not a Companion. Dreary, dreary, would be the Hours, passed with her.' Shelley endorsed this estimate on his only visit to Southey in January 1812, finding Mrs Southey 'very stupid; Mrs Coleridge worse.' But Southey demanded no spiritual solace from a wife, devoting all his intellectual energy, as Coleridge remarked, to 'unceasing Authorship, never interrupted from morning to night but by sleep and eating.' Like Philip Quarles in Mr Huxley's 'Point Counter Point,' the idea of intimate relationship 'made him uncomfortable' in threatening his solitude—'that solitude which, with a part of his mind, he deplored (for he felt himself cut off from much he would have liked to experience), but in which alone, nevertheless, his spirit could live in comfort.' From doubt or dissatisfaction he shrank, but that he admitted them in his thoughts appears from his advice to Landor on marriage, 'Find out a woman whom you can esteem and love will grow more surely out of esteem, than esteem will out of love,' and again when warning Caroline Bowles of the danger to a young woman friend, 'lest some one with as

much romance in his heart and head as there was in mine when I began life as a poet should fall in love with that sweet countenance of hers.' Like Quarles, 'emotionally he was a foreigner.' At twenty-five he wrote, 'I have a dislike to all strong emotion, and avoid whatever could excite it.' He never succeeded in subduing his emotions: Carlyle found him in his latter days 'a serious, human, honest, but sharp, almost fierce-looking, thin man, with very much the militant in his aspect—in the eyes especially was visible a mixture of sorrow and anger, or of angry contempt, as if his indignant fight with the world had not yet ended in victory, but also never should in defeat.' Hazlitt, too, sensed the inward struggle of prudence urging reason to subdue instinct, remarking 'a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected.' This self-discipline enabled concentration on his daily routine of bread-and-butter work, the compromise with conscience which purchased the peace he desired; but it sapped his poetry of spontaneity and his political thought of strict integrity.

After his return from Portugal and renunciation of pantisocracy, he had, in Dr Haller's words, 'no relish now for any personal share in revolution. He wished to be left alone to wreak his energies upon the pursuits—domestic, studious, and literary—that he had chosen.' Though never, like Coleridge and Wordsworth, suspected of disaffection and subjected to the attention of government spies, he suffered like Wordsworth in feeling himself an outcast from society for his opinions; it was not easy to emphasise the futility of war in 'After Blenheim' when it invoked from the war-fevered charges of being unpatriotic, and he was told that his views would exclude him from such a government appointment as might have supplied the staple income he then needed. But the Peace of Amiens in 1802 brought release from the burden of unpopular opinions. Historians have failed to differentiate between the war of 1793–1802 against republican France and the subsequent war against Napoleon. Burke was disowned by his party for his attitude to the Revolution, and many liberals shared the opinions Southey thus described:

'I believed that the war in which this country was engaged against France was unjust in its commencement, and iniqui-

tous in its object. . . . I suffered myself to be persuaded that the crimes of the revolution were caused by the resistance which was opposed to it; and when the character of that revolution had so developed itself as to make it evident that worse danger was to be apprehended from republican France than that from which Europe had been delivered by the efforts of Great Britain, and the consummate abilities of Marlborough, still I thought a war which in its origin had been injurious, carried with it a sin from which no change of circumstances in its progress could purify it.'

But 'no act of amnesty ever produced such conciliatory consequences' as the Peace of Amiens, which 'restored in me the English feeling which had been deadened.' The second war against the military aggression of Napoleon he regarded as unavoidable, and gave his pen in support of the government pledged to its prosecution; vigorously opposing every proposal of appeasement, when negotiations were opened early in 1814, he was unable as official Laureate to vent his feelings and published anonymously the ode beginning

'Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,

When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd,

And to the injured power?'

Napoleon's dictatorship exploded Southey's last fragments of faith in the French Revolution. Concluding that the people were not yet ripe for self-government, he no longer subscribed to the formula—popularised by Lincoln but coined by Coleridge—of 'government of the people by the people for the people.' Like Mr Bernard Shaw, he believed that 'government is not everybody's job,' but 'a highly skilled vocation.' For this reason he adhered to the party with which he had cast in his lot during the war, opposed the Reform Bill, and because he regarded the established Church as indispensable to the stability and security of the state, as well as from detestation of the unwholesome history of political priestcraft, opposed Catholic emancipation. Either of these advocacies invoked reformers' wrath, and no antagonist is attacked so mercilessly as the apostate. Hazlitt derided Wordsworth for his 'Jacobin poetry and anti-Jacobin politics,' but Wordsworth was not a political writer. Southey's connection with the 'Quarterly,' the high esteem in which he was held by his colleagues, his prowess in controversy, his

status as a writer, above all his reputation for integrity and the respect accorded to his character even by his enemies, rendered him a fitting target for the biggest guns among Liberal men of letters. It was his misfortune to be pilloried by two writers of genius in Byron and Hazlitt, and by a successful rhetorician in Macaulay, whose works achieved with posterity a popularity beyond anything of his own.

Many of his ninety-four 'Quarterly' essays dealt with contemporary politics; possessing therefore only ephemeral interest, they contain biographical significance in illustrating his political opinions. Dowden compiled a list of the reforms he advocated, which excites wonder that, if Southey deserved Macaulay's label of 'a violent Ultra-Tory,' Tories should be reckoned reactionaries and Macaulay a progressive. National education, cheaper and better books, subsidised emigration, slum clearance, commutation of tithes, allotment gardens for workers, poor law reform, expenditure on national works as 'the surest means of promoting national prosperity,' diversion of unemployed to agriculture—these were some of the apostate's advocacies. He even proposed, while Dickens was still at his blacking warehouse, to 'clear away the rubbish of law,' considering 'the insufferable delays, vexations, and expense of law, are among the first evils of existing society.' This could hardly be expected to appeal to Macaulay, himself a barrister, and the suspicion arises that the malignance of Southey's assailants emanated from soreness at his stealing their thunder!

The anonymity of 'Quarterly' contributors did not save him, for, as Gifford said, 'Southey's prose is so good that everyone detects him.' The immaculate ease, lucidity and fluency of his prose has been so generally admired that the absence of a selection of his essays is a publisher's omission as surprising as the neglect of Godwin's 'Political Justice' or De Quincey's autobiography. From the files of the 'Quarterly' might be compiled two volumes inviting comparison with the 'Literary' and 'Historical Essays' of Macaulay administered as models of style to three generations of suffering schoolboys. His period of activity overlapped Macaulay's by only a few years, and he treated only two of Macaulay's historical subjects, Hallam's 'History' and Nugent's 'Hampden'; to these

might be added his studies of Wellington, Cromwell, Coxe's Marlborough, Burnet's 'Own Times,' Oberlin, and the French Revolutionists, Madame Larochejaquelin's memoirs, Baboeuf's conspiracy, and Saint-Simon's socialism, the last four having the curiosity of contemporary comment. His 'Life of Nelson' was enlarged from a 'Quarterly' article; though his best-known work, it displays his limitations as a biographer. It is a historian's narrative of a career, lacking the lights and shades of portraiture; a panegyric of a popular hero, not a study of personality; it discloses nothing of Nelson's squalid side—his opportunism, self-interest, vainglory, theatricality, querulousness, quarrelsomeness, want of principle. The lives of Wesley and Cowper are more satisfying, but with Wesley again he is historian rather than biographer; he attempts little analysis or diagnosis; without selection of the significant, he marshals the facts, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. Likewise in literary criticism, as Dowden said, though judicious and sympathetic, he 'cannot pluck out the heart of a mystery.' His literary subjects offer a narrower selection; a representative volume would contain D'Israeli's 'Calamities of Authors,' Chalmers' Poets, Alfieri, Camoens, Lope de Vega, Evelyn, Haley, and the memoir of Sayers, whose poetry influenced both Coleridge and Southey in youth.

As a poet Southey hoped and expected to be remembered, and doubtless if he had died at Shelley's age—in 1804—he would have been justly celebrated as a pioneer of the great romantics. Then, Coleridge and Wordsworth were known only to a few, Byron, Shelley, and Keats had not begun to write, and little of Southey's important poetry, apart from 'The Curse of Kehama,' 'Roderick,' and some occasional verses, would have been lost. Unluckily he survived to be surpassed by poets of superior genius in the field which he first tilled; his fame has suffered, not because he did not write good poetry, but because contemporaries—who did not quench by compromise the spark of spontaneous feeling—wrote better. The ordinary reader cannot be expected to remember that 'Joan of Arc' created a literary sensation two years before 'Lyrical Ballads' appeared, or that publication of three of the English Eclogues—'The Old Mansion-House,' 'Hannah,' and 'The Ruined Cottage'—preceded the

writing of Wordsworth's 'Michael.' Yet in the fact of his precedence lies Southey's claim to an important place in the history of English poetry.

The similarity of aim in Southey and Wordsworth implies the debt of both to Coleridge; Southey preceded Wordsworth in producing 'poetry of nature' because his intimacy with Coleridge preceded Coleridge's intimacy with Wordsworth. To Southey Coleridge first expounded his deductions from Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination,' arguing that imagination is the faculty by which man perceives and reveals virtue, truth, and beauty, as they exist only in nature. The moral of 'Joan of Arc' lies in Joan's deriving her power from being natural and, hence, sincere and honest; the same motives pervade Coleridge's early 'Religious Musings.' The principles propounded in Wordsworth's preface to the second edition of 'Lyrical Ballads' in 1802 were the fruit of his discussions with Coleridge, who added his elaborations and emendations in the 'Biographia Literaria,' where Southey is coupled with Wordsworth as an exponent of the same principles. In 'Thalaba,' 'Madoc,' and 'Kehama,' Southey attempted epic narrative according to these principles, a task which Coleridge was constantly urging upon Wordsworth. But while Southey sought his subjects in obscure oriental and Welsh mythology, Wordsworth embodied his autobiography in his masterpiece; moreover, instead of subjecting his work to the rejection of an unappreciative public, he kept it in pickle, under continual revision, till, after his death, critics acclaimed it as the last and greatest bequest of a master.

The lavish praise of Southey's epics by Landor and Coleridge, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman—who found 'Thalaba' 'to my feelings the most sublime of English poems'—leaves the modern reader unmoved to read them. They are long; they tell no intimate story of psychological development like 'The Prelude'; they fall into the category of Morris's sagas, described by Professor Elton as 'pastimes of a hand that never wearied.' In poetry, as in prose, Southey was too prolific for popularity: you may know your A. E. Housman after reading 'A Shropshire Lad,' your Whitman after 'Leaves of Grass,' your Kinglake after 'Eothen,' but who shall say when you know your Southey? Perhaps the most enticing invita-

tion to the modern reader may be the assurance that Southey experimented with irregular verse: Newman said of 'Thalaba' that 'many persons will not perceive they are reading blank verse.'

MALCOLM ELWIN.

Art. 6.—PRELUDE FOR POLITICIANS.

IF there are two types of mankind, the demarcation between them is not Charles Lamb's humorous one, the lenders and the borrowers; nor is it now Disraeli's 'two nations,' the rich and the poor (for taxation and other changes are levelling them); the differences go deeper. To-day the wistful or the cynical might say the division is into the social promisers and those who hope that half the promises are capable of fulfilment. Or there is the profounder cleavage, between those who tacitly regard themselves and all mankind as 'a little lower than the angels' yet of the same spiritual universe; and the others who view the species as a little higher than the apes—or at least more clever.

Those of us who, with John Stuart Mill, 'do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused from jubilation over the progress which excites the praise of ordinary politicians; in itself it is of little importance so long as wisdom to use it is imperfect.' He and Macaulay surprisingly tested the slogan, the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number' as the truth about society. If that is the aim, said Macaulay, then we *must* know and define what 'happiness' is—whether it is based on right, and on spiritual law, or is another word for appeased appetite, organised bodily comfort. In short, what is its *quality*? Very shrewdly, he reminded us that the spokesmen for the 'greatest number' think only of a *single* generation, their own—or a momentary mood and vote of that passing period; yet such a transient verdict 'may be pernicious to mankind; the interests of all posterity are not always

identical with the gratification of people now living.' The future may bless our minorities to-day, and censure our headlong majorities, as we too censure popular settlements of the past and rediscover the value of the few.

Then there is a further fascinating classification—the managing type, and the masses that are managed. Most talkers, public men, and many civil servants are sure that they are called to positions of command, and see other men as raw material for arrangements imposed from above. This outlook has never been verified by the past wilful behaviour of mankind, at least British mankind. And again, among the self-called organisers and reformists, you have another curious sub-division, the gradual and evolutionary as distinct from the summary advocates of a swift time-table and drastic legislation. To-day we notice an added antithesis—between those who never mention anything except *external* mechanisms and temporal contrivances as the way of salvation, and those who believe in the *internal* powers in men—the insurgent moral and emotional forces that beat beneath the crust of appearances—the central creative (or disruptive) energies of mind and will and belief.

The party of material action-from-outside make the pace to-day. There is a Beverigid-orthodoxy that forgets Sir William's warning, 'Man is a spirit not an animal.' Let us gladly allow that much has been done by social services, factory Acts, committees, inspectors, police, inventions, and other social apparatus. Improvements have been made in the *non*-personal matters of lighting, paving, sanitation, medicine, water, transport, taxation, clinics, crèches, and hours-regulation. Behind all this there has been a humanitarian drive Christian in origin. Its beginnings were welcomed in 1866 by Dean Church in his St Paul's lectures 'The Gifts of Civilisation,' by Kingsley, Maurice, J. R. Green, Dolling and others. We British, with our humane yet outward-looking material mentality, have really shone in these things, and we magnify them, pointing to obvious results—results so easy to see that there is a neglect of any other approach. Kindness and creature-comforts are the main popular creed. 'Never mind roots,' is a general sentiment; 'give us the fruits.' It is quaint how the theoretic materialism which died discredited among nineteenth-

century scientists should linger on now only in sociological discussion. The enthusiasm is all for 'action'—any action : as though life comes from machinery, and mind were a shadow of material factors. Men with warm hearts and middling minds are at present outbidding each other in promises of a world replete with gear and amenities after the war. The old opposition between private enterprise and official control is being eclipsed by this other prospect, of a world of abundance and its distribution. In sanguine faith men are blowing the Horn of Plenty. Last time, it was a world fit for heroes ; this time, a world fit for consumers and enjoyers. The august truths of religion only interest such men as potential fuel to fill their socialist sails. It is almost as if Comte's religion of humanity had been exhumed.

In 1843, just one hundred years ago, Carlyle in 'Past and Present' shook our grandfathers' *laissez faire* and Mammon cult. But that is not our materialism to-day. Then, they overdid individualism ; now we overdo socialisation. Then, they were all for making material wealth ; now we are all for getting our share. Communism is but one form of counter-materialism to old-style Capitalism. It occurs to neither combatant that what most needs changing is not the detail they fight about, but the whole level of our aim and goal. 'What is the chief end of man?' is strictly the first essential question not of theology only but of *politics*. We must know what the purpose of a thing or a society is before we can understand or use it. We must know what man exists *for* before we can legislate or educate well. Most mundane programmes break down because they have an earth-bound, therefore untrue and poverty-ridden, conception of what man is, of his possibilities and destiny, of 'the abysmal deeps of personality' and its kinship with vaster intelligence. The unintended results often look like quackery. It is as if we had called in the journeyman, plumber, or empiric to problems which require the psychologist, poet, thinker, or divine.

There is therefore no mystery in the fact that, with the still accumulating means and facilities, our devices are in the higher sense impressively impotent. For they are not linked to final ends and sanctions. They lack the under-pin of reasoned authority.

Short views seem to work, for a time. The English

can make some logically indefensible compromises 'do'—our unobserved rule of the pavement, our yes-and-no religious formulas, our improvised defences, our party 'warfare,' our grammar and pronunciation, the oddities of our constitution and law. With enough popular consent and that blind eye sanctified by Nelson, we rub along without the longer view, without ideas of Ends or the absolute. Still, ultimate Truth is after all stronger than we. As R. H. Tawney's economic classics put it: 'Both the existing economic order, and current projects of reconstruction, break down often through neglecting the truism that, since even quite common men have souls, no increase in material wealth compensates them for any arrangements which may insult their *self-respect* and impair their *freedom*.' One's experience of industrial disputes confirms that the real underlying crux of them is emotional, ideal, human, spiritual—a metaphysical, psychological clash about personality. Tawney's word 'self-respect' touches the wound.

Men, individually and in masses, can be insulted by having their profounder wants fobbed off with material amenities or wage. Mankind is passionately *un-Marxian*. Even Marxians are conspicuously temperamental and mystical. However ignorant of Divine personality, men have an ingrained intuition of what is due to its little replica, *human* personality. Mere economic deals and 'social contracts' do not satisfy: it depends on the spirit in which they are offered and worked.

Millions would agree to Burke's definition, if they had ever heard of it, of 'the mysterious incorporation of the human race'; to Tawney's statement that the nexus of society is spiritual, and the object of society to make character; to Berkeley's, that 'he who has not much meditated on God, the human mind and the *summum bonum* may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman'; to Ruskin's, that 'the only true wealth is life' (and he does not mean higher-animal life); and to Carlyle's, 'Invisible influences run through society and make it a mysterious whole full of life and inscrutable capabilities.'

The well-meaning humanist fails to grasp this, though to 'pagans' like Plato, Aristotle, and Plotinus it was primary. His addiction to the physical-happiness idea

puts a premium on the flesh-pots and the 'good time by all.' His many plans for the coming 'era of the common man' look like stereotyping the commonness instead of transforming it. Does any thinking being sincerely want such a one-dimensional, commonplace, less-than-human existence of 'tame villatic fowl' emptied of the nostalgias and further hopes that make us men?—what Carlyle called a 'beaver-like and avid life.' There is something to be said for a world which is one vast hygienic institution, secured, housed, provided for. But as a *means* only to real living, thinking, and seeking. Not as an end. As a goal, it is dreary, a body of death.

Yet this prospect of the earth as a model estate is the rage and platitude of many of our time who do not know, or do not give a straw for, the overwhelming realities of religion, philosophy, and the quests of the human heart and mind, which are the only adequate rational motives for living at all.

The trouble to-day is that many vocal social reformers have no conception of what society is, and what personality is. Our original socialists came from Church and Chapel circles, where there was an instinctive knowledge of these things—the inherited conception from Christ, Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley. They were, without perhaps knowing it, initiates, almost mental aristocrats compared with the latter-day would-be world-bone-setters. They could speak of human dignity and liberty; few contemporaries can with conviction; the latter prefer words like order, compulsion, managed, security. Their god is the new Moloch, the State. They would seem like emissaries of tyranny to the first liberals, socialists, and emancipators. And rightly: for they are atavist, retrogressive, reactionary. They offer a mess of pottage, 'security,' for men's birthright of self-disposal and self-rule, and some of their utterances are intensely illiberal.

Hence the modern eclipse of the nobler Personal Idealism and classic psychology of even fifty years ago. How many now deeply care for the *key* values of personal independence, choice, free-will, judgment, the things of the mind and soul, ethics, as even John Stuart Mill, Owen and the elder reformists did? Society is being allowed to blot out the spirit to which it was once the mere minister. Society is becoming 'the larger selfishness,' a club to

which we are expected to surrender all autonomy in return for security card or a functionary's certificate. On those lines, it will become an elaborate prison house, instead of a discretionary mode of man's self expression. Or it would do so if the British spirit expressed so recently as Dickens, Browning, Disraeli, or Swinburne and Kipling, gives in to it. We have the outlet of grumbling left—of laughter and protest against interference and restriction and over-government from the mere itch to over-govern. But is it enough? Where we grumble, the American people (said a Washington broadcast recently) 'howl,' and vow that it shall stop the instant that the danger passes which alone could justify such cramping temporarily. That is a mark of vitality and normality, to put it no higher; it is health, even where it has not a very coherent philosophy of itself or a clear creed.

And yet, both the attempts upon our liberties and social conceptions, and our struggles against them, are so much friction and lost time. They are a distraction from our true life and rôle. They confirm in us the disease of exclusively political, economic, and social thinking: and crowd out the truer ends of thought—which are man-soul, arts, pure science, speculation, wonder, religion. So for millions of moderns, when they feel any mal-adjustment, they do not even stay to inquire whether the remedy may not be personal, mental, and in themselves: they instantly saddle the blame on 'the world,' on some *external* arrangement or other, and impulsively want to call a committee about it, or call for more machinery, more legislation, or a turn of the party kaleidoscope. Thousands of men refuse to look within—perhaps for fear of the void or the fault they may see there. Thousands, vaguely influenced by Freudianism or the ape theory of our derivation, or from sheer feeling of individual emptiness and insignificance, look only outward, away from themselves, and lean wholly on the extraneous mechanism, State or what not. *That* is to be its saviour. This utter reliance on the not-self is the stigma of feebleness: all worship of means and apparatus is weakness, and arises from conscious inferiority or the sense of inward poverty.

Thus there is the confused notion that a million beings without any particular wisdom or virtue, if re-arranged in a different conformation, magically produce wisdom and

virtue. There may be crime, blunders, weakness, mental malaise, sin—but these somehow do not proceed from human beings and wills, but from a 'system,' a configuration. There is a pathetic assumption that a better standard of bodily living not only may favour but *is* better character and soul-life. The implicit idea is that responsibility must not be brought home to living wills and agents, but must be evaporated into an impersonal outside 'state of society.' It is modern collective man's dodge of unconditional absolution; it is his own arbitrary certificate of discharge. Each man, electing the scheme of things as scapegoat, dismisses himself from court without a stain on his character. In its more morbid form, this mentality transfers blame from the murderer to his victim in *crimes passionel*; it excuses theft by the unequal distribution of goods. If a public body function wrongly, because its members are known to lack zeal or vision, knowledge or probity, many folk in a hurry will automatically move the appointment of just such *another* body, with the same unregenerate human nature, to correct or supersede or censure the peccant body! Anything rather than see and say that the obvious cure is more zeal and vision, knowledge and probity. Anything rather than admit that the only remedy for human vices is human virtue—not a change of name or chairs or desks.

The remedy must be self-administered, self-wrought: it is spiritual and moral. 'The one reform bill that matters,' as Birrell said, after a life of politics, 'is the one that man must pass in his own breast.' From the *outside* of men you can do nothing except scold, and 'demand' integrity or conscience—in vain, if they are not there, inside them. Always, in the last resort, everything consists of the soundness, character, and reliability of the human beings who run the mere forms, names and shadows of society. That is the blunt reason why honour, or religion, or love, or disinterested probity—by whatever name you call it—is alone the backbone, the foundation, and the lubricator and antiseptic of all human societies that ever were or ever will be. Get this essence or mainspring right, and all else will come right. Ignore or underestimate it—as most of our planning does—and you may shuffle and juggle everlastingly with the shoddy elements, and no good will come of it.

The search for the philosopher's stone, the *elixir vitae*, squaring of the circle, or perpetual motion were rational compared with the chimera of salvation simply by change of position. We are timid of facing the genuine sphinx riddle. We 'grudge the pang and never dare the throe.' We evade the solution because it 'costs,' it involves doing something drastic and relevant in my *own* case. When the answer is a 'moral' change, we panic at the challenge it contains. It is certainly a cool douche for a wholesale planner to have his rolling periods interrupted with the reminder that what a wicked world wants is not more organisation, but less wickedness. The cure is not knowledge: knowledge is an added curse, and science a 'fury flinging flame' in any hands but Virtue's. We shall not be saved by 'many inventions,' but by the uprightness which they have rather helped to supplant. The classroom, the primer and outline, the cubes and globes, the retort and test-tubes are not redeemers nor even improvers: look at Germany ever since 1870. Science *as* such is not merely neutral, it is a mercenary taking service with the unscrupulous equally with the men of good will. Intellect *as* such is not moral: it is unregenerate, corrosive, Faustian, as long as it is master-less, creed-less, irreligious. Till Love is in supreme control, we shall keep regular trysts with muddle, clash, disaster, and self-betrayal. Forms of government are of no importance compared with the spirit implementing them. If a world or a society has a right centre, a sacred standard of value, a holy bond which is final sanction for faith between man and man (and man and woman), for vows, covenants, contracts, and ties—that world or society has a basis and cement, a vital principle, a lasting axis to revolve on; and it will endure, evolve, and develop from strength to strength, and throw forth from itself its *own* appropriate forms spontaneously or change them safely at need, without loss, disturbance, or batting an eyelid.

Just as we cannot have a physical world without the force of Gravity and the law of Gravitation, so we cannot have a human (and therefore moral, spiritual, integrated) world without *its* gravitation to adequate timeless Ends. Belief, a freely consented-to ideal of Duty, dedication, a realisation of the infinite worth of human spirits—in a word a Deity—is a pre-condition of all lasting community

of *minds* (though not for animals or insects). It is both their dynamic and their mortar—stimulating, and holding them together.

That is the preamble to all political action or programmes. 'Start *here*,' as Miss Dorothy Sayers puts it. Begin with a true and full picture of what we men *are*—spirit, soul, mind, passions, instincts, and body; and do not take an abstraction of the three last-named, lower phases of man, catering only for the appetites and comforts of the 'natural man.' Man's nature is not a one-story shack, but a house of many stories and rooms. He does not live in the cellars, but sometimes in the upper rooms fronting the sunrise.

Western civilisation once knew and embodied this truth. In losing much of that sense, it has strayed from its pristine refreshing sources—and incidentally has become distasteful to Eastern peoples who have not lost the larger view. It has also antagonised most of its own deep thinkers, who for the last two hundred years have mainly been protesters, recallers to a faded value, preachers of a lay creed. Of the hundreds of contemporary public men prescribing for man's future, about half a dozen—admittedly the most cultivated—have the clue to the missing lynch-pin in the individual and general mind. Most of the others have only forms and mechanism to offer. Our zealots have one 'Morison's Pill' (as Carlyle called it) for the passions, hazards, and ambitions of the turbulent heart of the peoples—the forms of democracy; as though moral and other fatalities were impossible under that very elastic modern label; as though under it peoples could not neglect their defences, their birth-rate, the marriage-vow, commercial honesty, or the faith and principles by which communities alone survive. What does *fact* say to that astonishing pretension?

These political outer forms hardly touch the inner facts. They are suits of clothes, and do *not* make the man. What make nations are the biological and moral realities . . . of which politics are a mere epi-phenomenon and echo. For our safety, there are too many men, with the ear of the public, taking a half-view of a half-world. The worldling without a true, full realisation of Man and his imponderables may call his myopia realism, but he is a romantic and dreamer amid awful powers and ignored

laws and forces. He is therefore a potential danger to himself and those who follow him. The individuals or peoples who have 'no time for' ethics or the final sanctions, Evolution sooner or later has 'no time for.'

The saddening failure of so much modern writing and art has the same explanation as the inadequacy of so much modern ideology and law-making—that it springs from no deep-seated conviction as to the ultimate nature of things. Too much of it is provisional, impressionist, experimental. As Arnold told his day, 'To intellectual deliverance (itself rare), there is something additional still wanting, and that something is *immense*—the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needed moral deliverance.' Many theorists who in our time are very free with their pictures of possible futures have hardly yet graduated from the refined-zoological level of a world of communal swimming-pools and kitchens, housing estates, sports fields, 'people's cars,' pensions, free medical services—with libraries and schools thrown in, as an expected cultural top-dressing; a sop to 'the leisured State.' They have hardly reached even the 'intellectual deliverance' level; and if they had, it would not touch the vital nerve of our need, which of course—hum and haw as we will, avoid the fact and the word as we will—is moral spiritual all the time.

Even in 1870 our public men were talking on much the same lines, and J. A. Froude asked them: 'Are a few hundred millions to be added to the population of the globe merely that they may produce and consume and play? In the current movement there is as yet no trace of the working of intellectual or moral ideas.'

We are all sailing vaguely into a new shape of things to come, while perhaps ten per cent. of humanity really understand, with Goethe and all the genuine men, that every advance in means and invention, in wits and power, will be fresh peril and disaster unless accompanied by moral control and loyalty to the perennial Reality above our moody, changeable humanity.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art 7.—THE DEFINITION OF WORDS.

‘Rendre aux mots leur sens physique et primitif, c’est les fourbir, les nettoyer, leur restituer leur clarté première ; c’est refondre cette monnaie, et la remettre plus luisante dans la circulation ; c’est renouveler, par le type, des empreintes effacées.’

Joubert, ‘Pensées,’ Titre XXII, ix.

PASCAL said that we should not waste time in defining *things* already known by direct knowledge but should be always ready to define *words* so as to know exactly what they mean, and added that we should always be prepared, in using them, ‘to substitute mentally the definition for the word defined.’ Dr Johnson in his Dictionary defined a lexicographer as ‘a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original and detailing the significance of words.’ He started a tradition that has culminated in the ‘Oxford English Dictionary,’ and we may with Lord Bolingbroke

“approve, therefore, very much the devotion of a studious man at Christ Church, who was overheard in his oratory entering into a detail with God, as devout persons are apt to do, and, among other particular thanksgivings, acknowledging the Divine Goodness in furnishing the world with makers of Dictionaries.’

Let us see how the right use of words should guide us in our Corporate and Individual Life.

I.

To begin with Politics. There are few words we hear more frequently in political circles than ‘Capital,’ ‘State,’ and ‘Class.’ These are, perhaps, the first to occur to our minds as so frequently on the lips of Communists, but their use extends far beyond the works of Karl Marx. What do they mean ?

The definition of ‘capitalist’ in the ‘Oxford English Dictionary’ (or the ‘O.E.D.’ since in war-time we must not waste paper), as a term in Economics is :

‘The accumulated wealth of an individual, company, or community, used as a fund for carrying on fresh production ; wealth in any form used to help in producing more wealth.’

Thus everyone, except a lunatic who cannot be said to possess any property at all, is a capitalist in greater or less degree. Adam when he first sewed fig leaves together instead of leaving them on the tree or burning them, became a capitalist. Eve, when she twisted sheep's wool into a thread, even before, when she protected her sheep from the wolves that they might yield her their wool, became a capitalist. When Adam first made a distaff for Eve to spin with (as I hope he did), and Eve when she used her thread to mend Adam's coat of skin, set up a capitalistic system which their sons and daughters have lived in and have developed ever since.

'Capitalism' or 'the condition of possessing capital' has existed from that day to this. The 'capitalist' or 'one who has accumulated capital' and 'has capital available for employment in financial and other enterprises,' will never disappear. It can be developed by the use of money in exchange by banking, by cheapening of processes as it was in the Industrial Revolution. We can watch its rise and its connection with religion as Mr R. H. Tawney has done. It can take different forms with individual possession, or with ownership by co-operative societies, trade unions, trusts, combines, and rings. It gives power which can be used or misused. But one thing it cannot be, and that is abolished.

So to talk as many do about 'the first condition of achieving a new Christian civilisation' being 'the liquidation of Capitalism'; to assert that 'the spirit of capitalism is the spirit of irreverent exploitation of nature'; or to declare that 'the basic injustice of the capitalistic system' connotes 'class distinctions, exploitation, and private ownership is,' as we see directly we substitute the definition for the word, simply to talk nonsense.

What do these good and earnest people mean? Sometimes, apparently, the possession of capital by individuals, when its users desire a universal system of State Capitalism; sometimes the possession by the State of all the means of production while personal possession is permitted to remain; sometimes materialistic capitalism based on a disregard of the spiritual foundations of life; more often the misuse of the power that capital gives. Perhaps most frequently of all it is a mere term of abuse, prompted by envy of those who, by their own

thrift or by the self-denial of their parents, are better off than they themselves are. But till they get the meaning of the word clear they are not likely to help much in getting rid of the evils of which they complain.

What, again, is 'the State'? Aristotle in the opening words of his 'Politics' declared it was 'a sort of partnership' and that 'every partnership is formed with a view to some good, since all actions of men are done with a view to what they think good.' The 'O.E.D.' gives the twenty-ninth meaning of the word as :

'the body politic as organised for supreme civil rule and government, the political organisation which is the basis of civil government vested in a country or nation.'

But this does not help us much. The idea of the State is so complicated, and the definition involves the use of so many words that themselves need defining that we shall do more by examining the attempts man have made to analyse its nature. Rousseau based it on the general will. 'Sovereignty is nothing less than the exercise of the General Will.' But there is no such thing really as a general will, only a number of different wills willing more or less the same thing. Hegel declared that 'the existence of the State is the movement of God upon Earth,' but this easily becomes a totalitarian tyranny of some one much more like the Devil. Louis the Fourteenth said '*L'État, c'est moi*,' but the men of the French Revolution thought differently. Sometimes it stands for the executive power, which comes to mean the rule of the permanent official or Jack in Office, '*un Monsieur mal rasé derrière un guichet*.' More often it signifies the taxpayer, a view very popular with the mass of men who think it means the other fellow and clamour for subsidies. 'I never talk about the State,' said a wise and experienced Citizen's Aid worker, 'I always say things should be done by the People.' Clearly there is here a fruitful source of confusion beyond the power of the 'O.E.D.' to clear up.

There is to-day a widespread outcry against 'class government' and the 'class distinctions' on which it is based, and one emphasised by the appeal to class-consciousness called in to combat it. And clearly there is a cause here in grievances to be remedied. There are, in England perhaps especially, enormous differences between

the 'highest' and the 'lowest' classes if the criterion is that of material wealth that can be estimated for income-tax purposes; though even here no hard and fast line can be drawn, as those feel whose income just exceeds 500*l.* a year.

But there are other kinds of wealth even if opportunities of education are largely connected with money, and there are other factors in classification of men which depend on values rather than on bank balances. 'A class' according to the 'O.E.D.' means in general use:

'a number of individuals (persons or things) possessing common attributes and grouped together under a general or class name; a kind, sort, division.'

The instances it gives refer to flowers, wits and dunces, citizens affected by civil incapacities, readers, operatives, and sympathisers. Men are brought together by common interests and activities in music, study, artistic pursuits, love of gardening, bee-keeping, bell-ringing, chess, sport, by saving, travel, politics, charity, and social reform, and group themselves into classes. An inquiry agent will even talk of a 'public assistance' or of a 'drinking' class.

Moreover, everyone is in different classes at different times. Mr Wemmick was in one, in Walworth, and in quite another in Mr Jaggers' office in Little Britain. Classes are only separable in-so-far as they are abstractions from one set of human activities. There is no such thing as an 'economic man' except in books on Economics. Even Defoe's 'Compleat Tradesman' was a creature of his imagination. It would be a very dull world in which there were no class differences and men were all alike and all did the same things.

What people mean, apparently, when they 'denounce' class distinctions is one of three things. Sometimes it is 'class barriers' which prevent a man passing from one class into another or debar him from privileges not necessarily confined to another class, though doctors, lawyers, trade unionists, the clergy, and members of communist parties rigidly insist on such barriers. Such men mean not 'classes' but what are generally described as 'castes.' Or they mean 'class inequalities,' though these do not necessarily involve injuries or hardships. Some-one must play second fiddle in an orchestra. All men are

not equal in capacity or character, and there is no degradation in service. Some men prefer posts of less responsibility and know quite well what they can do and what they can't. As Browning's mill girl Pippa knew :

'All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we ; there is no last nor first.'

Or sometimes they mean 'class stigmas.' All classes should rank equal in the esteem in which their members are held and this largely rests with the members themselves. Trade is commonly looked down upon because so many men condone its 'tricks' in commerce, and a man in any class that allows itself to have a lower standard in decency of speech and consideration in manners will always be considered as belonging to the 'lower orders.'

II.

There is much that needs setting right in our social order, but social sickness will never be cured on the basis of a faulty diagnosis. It is the business of Sociology to make its science clear. Thus, many are inadequately fed, and still more wrongly fed, because they are 'poor.' It is a fact that 'the poor ye have (not "will have") always with you' and poverty, except in the Biblical sense of the spiritual poverty that admits to the Kingdom of Heaven, is an evil.

But 'the poor' may mean all sorts of things and 'poverty' is due to all sorts of causes. It may be that due to low wages, or economic poverty ; to bad management of good, or at least fair, wages, or poverty of intelligence ; to inability to do better work that will earn a better wage, or educational poverty ; to loss of character through vice or crime, or moral poverty ; or distress due to bad fortune, mischance, or sickness, or accidental poverty. The remedy in each case is different and lies severally in reform of economic conditions, in general education, in industrial training, in personal and religious influence, or in the work of organised charity. But all need clear thought, accurate diagnosis, and a reasoned aim. A doctor does not prescribe vaguely for 'the sick,' and we should ask ourselves what we mean by 'the poor' before we talk about a 'poverty line.'

We shall not be helped by vague talk about a 'subsistence wage' or 'level.' To subsist, the dictionary tells us, is 'to preserve in existence or continue to exist; to remain in existence or in force.' But, as a matter of fact, people who live below a 'subsistence wage level' do not die. When you point that out you are met with the indignant cry 'I don't call that living. I want something better than that.' So do we all, but what that desirable standard of life is depends on what we desire, and the higher we draw the line the better. In fact it always can, and always should be, raised as high as possible. But the whole popular, though discredited, Marxian theory of Surplus Value is based upon this imaginary line, while an emotional appeal is smuggled in by the implication that masses of men are literally starving—which is not the fact.

We all desire that unemployment should be abolished, and as the definition of 'unemployed' is '(1) not put to use, not applied to some end or purpose, (2) not engaged in any work or occupation; idle, especially temporarily out of work' the remedy lies, of course, in finding work. But since it is due to a variety of causes, as those discover who have to do with actual cases of distress among 'out-of-works,' from seasonal trade, from the rise in the standard of wages and efficiency which makes the less efficient man not worth his pay, from temporary dislocation of industry by the introduction of machinery, from ill health, age, and accident, from a man's having learned no trade, from bad temper which makes him 'have words' with his employer, from incurable unpunctuality, from bad work and carelessness with tools, from loss of character; so its evil can only be cured by a variety of remedies, by making good times pay for bad, by increase of reserved capital that will carry business on over periods of slackness, by unemployment insurance, by prevention of waste, by gradual transference of labour and greater adaptability to changing conditions, by prevention of accident and cure of disease, by industrial education and vocational training, by greater mobility of labour in exchange and migration, by good temper, punctuality, better work, and honest dealing.

But vague talk about 'unemployment' is useless. There are no means of estimating the number of the unemployed. There are many idle rich who are a drag

on the community. There are many past work and living on the pensions they have earned. The only number that can be exactly calculated is that of those drawing their insurance money which is at most one-third dole and two parts provision made for the future laid by out of wages and other forms of profit. So our 'complacent acceptance of 2,000,000 unemployed' is by no means a thing 'to repent of' for it means that two million men have been able to provide against loss of wages beforehand.

Such loose talk is dangerous since it encourages the idea of 'creating' work. What is meant by 'work' is, of course, 'paid work' or 'wages' which can only profitably be given for productive work. It encourages the idea that it is meritorious to give trouble, as when people deliberately scatter litter in Epping Forest because 'it gives employment to so many men' who have to pick it up. They do not realise that in so doing, as in giving to beggars, they are taking money from useful employment to pay for useless. It is the old fallacy of Mandeville that private vices are public benefits and that luxury and waste are good for trade.

Men are often thrown out of work by the introduction of machinery, but, obviously, saving work and trouble increases the production of wealth and, in the long run, is good for all. This has been established by the verdict of History. The common complaint is that men are 'being turned into machines.' But, apart from the fact that machines are designed and made by men, and have to be minded and repaired by men, obviously to do mechanical work by machines is not to turn a man into a machine but to relieve his body from mechanical labour and to set him free for better things. Yet we continually hear people say that 'life is daily becoming more mechanised,' and the 'Communist Manifesto' declares that 'owing to the extensive use of machinery, and to the division of labour, the work of the proletariat has lost all individuality, and consequently all charm, for the workman.'

III.

The misuse of words threatens us with a further danger in the appeal to political action by the rhetorical use of catch phrases and slogans instead of facts, in

speeches addressed to constituents largely uneducated and unaccustomed to the exact use of terms.

Thus, we often hear the cry 'We want Justice, not Charity.' What is 'Justice'? And what is 'Charity'?

It is proverbial that the administration of justice involves hard cases and that they make bad law. It needs, therefore, correction by equity or *ἐπιεικεία* as Aristotle saw long ago, which 'though just, is not legal justice but a rectification of legal justice.' We all remember how Portia reminded the court that

'Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons Justice,'

but we should also recollect that she said that

'In the course of Justice none of us
Should see salvation,'

so that it is not strict justice that we want. We will not try to define what justice is for it took Plato his whole book of the 'Republic' to answer the question.

There is some excuse, perhaps, for the repudiation of charity, seeing how the word is misused. Instead of being the practical application of Love which 'suffereth long and is kind,' it has too often come to mean at best temporary relief and at worst indiscriminate, unorganised and therefore inadequate dole-giving, which, dealt out with patronage like that of the Kings of the Gentiles who 'exercising lordship over them' are 'called benefactors,' is naturally resented. But the justice demanded instead seems generally to be a system of doles from the taxpayer free from any sense of obligation to him, and the disappearance of all voluntary work with its purpose of cure and of personal service with its humanity and sympathy.

Another phrase constantly heard is '*production for use and not for profit.*' It is based on the common fallacy of offering false alternatives. The opposite to use is waste, and the alternative to profit is loss. What is wanted in industry and commerce is production for profitable use and the elimination of waste and its consequent loss. If no profit is made a business collapses, and the employer loses his capital and the employed their wages. If the things produced are useless there will be no profit, since no one will buy them, with the same result. Profit must be

the first charge on industry in *time*. Use is its ultimate aim and stands first in *value*.

What do people really mean by the slogan? Though profit and use are inseparable in fact, one or the other may be *first in men's minds*. If a worker thinks chiefly of his wage he will do bad work, only that which will pass muster with the foreman. His wages will inevitably be low, since the wealth he produces is small. In proportion as the mass of men think merely of their own gains a nation will be decadent. On the other hand, if he thinks of the ultimate use of what he is making he will do his best and he will produce more wealth from which better wages at least *can* be drawn even if he does not always get his fair share of it, and in proportion as the mass of men do this a people will be prosperous. But the clear issue is obscured in the clap-trap phrase.

'*From everyone according to his faculties and to every man according to his needs*' is indeed a splendid ideal for society to 'inscribe upon its banners.' No wonder the 'Communist Manifesto' calls upon the 'workers of the world' to unite for such a devoutly-to-be-wished consummation. But when we come to what Bishop Butler would have called a 'cool consideration' of it in practical politics and of the exact meaning of the words, difficulties arise. Who is to decide what are needs? The man who has them to be satisfied or the man who is to satisfy them? And who is to decide what an individual's faculties are? The man who has to exercise them to the full or the other man who wants to make use of them? We can all do more than we think, and we all want more than we can get. There is no common basis of decision.

We need not multiply examples of single words used in Social Science, on which so much political action is based, such as 'proletariat,' 'workers,' and 'labour,' 'bourgeois.' Tested by Pascal's method few of us would welcome the 'dictatorship of the lowest class of the community—regarded as contributing nothing to the State but offspring,' or to that of the very vaguely defined 'classes of the community'—which are 'dependent on daily labour for sustenance and have no reserve of capital' or 'indigent wage earners,' even if we extended it to include 'all wage earners, working men, the labouring classes.'

For the words 'work' and 'labour' are equally vague. Work is, no doubt, a source of wealth that cannot be dispensed with, but manual labour is of little use without the labour of distribution, of management, and of invention. Even with these it requires natural wealth to work upon. No amount of manual labour, labour in invention of methods, management of operations, and distribution of results of ploughing the sands will produce any wealth. Even in more profitable cooperation some kinds of work demand greater skill, are greater factors in producing wealth, and are better paid. Skilled workers and 'black coated' men engaged in distribution have come to form a large middle-class in our towns. The French have a name for them which we have adopted. The 'O.E.D.' defines a member of it as 'a (French) citizen or freeman of a city or burg as distinguished from a peasant on the one hand and a gentleman on the other; now often taken as the type of the mercantile or shopkeeping middle-class of any country.' Such men are largely engaged in bringing goods from where they are produced to those that need them elsewhere. It is a pity if 'bourgeois' and 'middleman' are simply used as titles of abuse and if people sneer at 'bourgeois morality' and ask 'why should a middleman come into the transaction at all?'

IV.

After all, each man is an individual and economics, politics, and all sociology need to be based on a study of the fundamental instincts of individual human nature.

So we hear much about an 'acquisitive instinct' which is condemned as the cause of all our troubles to-day. There is no need to go to the dictionary for a definition of the word. Its typical embodiment is the busy bee which improves each shining hour and wears out a life in a few weeks by its unremitting indulgence of its passion for gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. But its private vice is a public benefit, though not quite in the way that Mandeville argued in his Fable, for it enriches the community and serves to perpetuate the brood. But when writers on Moral Theology talk of 'the sickness of an acquisitive society' they generally assume that the instinct is evil in itself and not in its being unhealthy,

though no instinct is bad in itself but only in its misuse. Its nature entirely depends on what you acquire, the means you take to acquire it, and the end to which you apply the result acquired. The instinct itself is the basis of all commerce and of all wealth and prosperity. 'From the existence of this acquisitive instinct' as Mr Hartley Withers writes in his 'Defeat of Poverty':

'that we all recognise in ourselves and in others, we can seek with confidence that progress will continue, barring cataclysms due to the recent relapse into barbarism on the part of important nations.—In whatever way society is organised, desire for material improvement seems likely to be one of the strongest motives that will direct its activities.'

But this will hardly be the case if the term is employed in an appeal to envy of the hard-working, thrifty, and successful.

Again, competition is the basis of all sport. The Jesuits of the seventeenth century, of whom Bacon said that the short rule of pedagogy was to consult their schools 'for nothing better had been put into practice,' owed no small part of their success to its introduction into class teaching. It is the mainspring of our Musical Festivals though it can easily lead to mere 'pot-hunting.' It makes for improvement in method, increase in production, the creation of wealth, and social betterment. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews urged its value on his readers, exhorting them to 'consider one another to provoke unto love and good works.'

But it is commonly considered a useful contribution to social science to talk vaguely about 'this age of competition,' ignoring the fact that it makes all the difference how, and in what, you compete, while those who are fond of using the phrase will equally 'denounce' its alternative, namely monopoly. 'Orthodoxy,' defined as 'belief or agreement with what is currently held to be right' which may, of course, sometimes be wrong but which is much more likely to be right, has come with many to be synonymous with 'error' which they condemn by the use of a word instead of showing why a belief is mistaken. 'Unacceptable' is used generally in the sense of what you don't like accepting, instead of what can't be accepted, and unpleasant terms in trade disputes are rejected on grounds

of feeling and not of fact. People claim that Church services are 'too respectable' but obviously they do not wish them to be disreputable; they probably mean 'too conventional.' Philosophers talk of time being a 'Fourth Dimension.' If they mean that it can be exactly measured, why! so can colour, light, heat, electric force, and energy. If they mean that it is always associated with depth, breadth, and height in space, then to call it a dimension is to confuse it with what mathematicians call a variable. A 'snob' is an inferior man who apes his betters, but the word is now generally applied to the 'better class' man by the 'outsider' whose social aspirations he thwarts. 'Marriage' must be either a terminable contract or a permanent relationship, but to say that it 'ought to be indissoluble' can only mean that the Almighty made a mistake in not making it so. It ought, of course, to be regarded as indissoluble because things should be looked upon as being what they are, but to call fornication 'companionate marriage' is a misuse of terms. 'Science' is habitually used for 'Natural Science' with an implied assumption that the higher sciences, Politics, Ethics, and Theology are unscientific. Such example of loose speaking where clearness of thought is needed might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

V.

The whole question comes back to that of the Human Reason as expressed in the Art of Speech. For to understand anything we must think about it in words and words, as Hooker said, 'must be used in the sense whereof they are uttered.' The use of speech, as the title of the 'Port Royal Logic' assumed, must be one with the Art of Thought. Words have meanings of their own as Alice insisted to Humpty Dumpty. Analogy is often useful in suggesting meaning, but analogies, as Socrates said, are 'slippery things,' for likenesses may be counterbalanced by essential differences. To talk of 'economic slavery' as the cause of ills consequent on the fact that a workman is free to sell his labour is simply to confuse the issue and to divert the understanding from finding a remedy for them. The workman's economic freedom may have produced similar, even worse, results but is precisely not economic slavery.

Once more, our words are too few for our needs so some have to do double, or even multiple, duty, but we must stick to one meaning at a time and must not let them 'lie like truth' and 'palter with us in a double sense.' We must not let people defend actions as 'natural' when we mean that they are characteristic of that part of our nature which we share with animals and are bestial.

Finally, words have colour in their utterance and gain wider meanings by associations. They are painted by literature and widened in the experience of life, but we must not beg questions by epithets and talk of 'exploitation' when we merely mean 'employment' or describe low pay given for bad work as 'sweated labour,' at least without asking why it exists and being clear as to what we mean. And, generally, we should be like Dr Johnson who, as Boswell tells us, 'was very much offended at the general licence by no means modestly taken in his time, not only to coin new words but to use many words in senses quite different from their established meaning, and those frequently very fantastical.'

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

Art. 8.—THE WILD HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE family life of animals, discussed in a previous article, inevitably suggests the closely allied subject of the wild creature's 'home'—more important from the animal's point of view, because exercising a wider influence upon its life. Should a bird or beast lose its young, the effect is only temporary, the family state being brief in any case. Deprived of its home or habitat—the same thing in other words—the trend of its existence is completely upset, as when, for example, a rookery is felled or a moor reclaimed. Banishment is the usual if not invariable consequence, and this may involve actual destruction. Indeed, should the latter end be desired, as in the case of rabbits or other creatures that have multiplied, the most

effective step towards accomplishment of the purpose is the disturbance of their stronghold. Even food is less essential than harbourage, for which reason crops in an open garden can be more easily protected against wild marauders than ground surrounded by shrubberies or old walls which provide convenient bases for raiding operations. During a hard winter one has often noticed that abundant holly berries on the high moorland remain untouched, the country being abandoned as uninhabitable. Both food and cover are indispensable, of course, but while the one is usually a matter of seeking, the other may be unobtainable in a particular locality, ideal conditions being those which provide both essentials. That is the reason why birds are most abundant in thickets or hedges near civilisation, and not, as is sometimes assumed, for the sake of human protection from natural enemies. Man and his satellites are more dangerous to bird life than any hawk or pilfering magpie, which latter, indeed, frequently follow the supposed refugee into shrubbery or garden. Actually, the wild bird is safest in its strictly natural environment, a chaffinch's nest in a hawthorn or bramble, for instance, being less vulnerable than in a pear tree, as recently demonstrated in my garden. Two efforts were made and two broods hatched, the first being destroyed by a storm against which the thin foliage afforded no adequate protection, while the second was requisitioned by a magpie who would certainly have found greater difficulty in raiding a thick blackberry tangle. It is curious that garden-nesting birds appear to overlook the advantages offered by old gooseberry bushes, but that is merely incidental.

The homing instinct, or attachment to locality, is more or less general throughout the animal kingdom, operating in varying degrees among birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, and insects. The great herbivores whose range might be limitless, graze in circles, and the same disposition is apparent among the semi-domesticated cattle and ponies which range unenclosed areas such as Dartmoor or the New Forest. When a Dartmoor pony which has found servitude anywhere within reasonable distance breaks out from its pasture, it is first sought upon its native hills to which it returns whenever possible. The conservatism of a cat is proverbial, and although the tendency is less

habitual among dogs, they frequently revisit a former home, even without change of ownership. Everywhere one finds the principle in operation. The eagle, with the world at his disposal, confines himself to his recognised hunting ground. The viper appropriates his niche under the stones and special spots for his sun-bath, and there are few creatures from

‘The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa’s fen’

to the burrowing bee that throws up his tiny hillock on the gravel path, that cannot call some corner of the wild world its own. Even a spider has its prescribed sphere of activities, and in a corner of the summer house where I am writing there hangs an old blanket coat from whose folds, if shaken at this moment, would fly a large tiger-moth, its summer-long and persistent inhabitant.

Upon the whole, earth-bound creatures are necessarily more confirmed home-makers than the winged races whose range is wider. Rather than an actual ‘dwelling’ the beast, possessing fewer means of escape, requires a *refuge*, and a mouse’s hole in the truest sense becomes his castle. One might add that every creature seeks safety in its natural element, and while the terrestrial animal goes to ground—the hare, deer, and even partridges who lack burrows, squatting flat as a last resource—the water-fowl dives, and mighty aeronauts, such as the eagle or buzzard mount into the illimitable air-fields for security. Yet even wide-ranging sea birds, the greater part of whose time is spent far out upon the ocean wastes, require some place to which they may return when necessary, and the world does not contain a creature—unless it is the wind-borne butterfly—that lacks headquarters or ultimate destination.

The entire problem or settlement, differing only according to the angle from which it may be studied, is regulated by this same homing instinct and its circumscribing influence. An animal’s permanent home is not necessarily its birthplace. Upon the contrary, the majority of beasts must find independent living space, each for himself—even as the superfluous swarm must leave the hive or a boy leave home. None the less, expansion is limited to district, like cultivation in a new

country, and, indeed, the extension of a wild species proceeds upon much the same principle as colonisation. Such, at any rate, is the general rule, as exemplified by the southward trend of the Fulmar petrel, or the nightingale's slow advance into the western counties. Now and again there are new startling departures, or, more literally, unexpected arrivals, but isolated attempts at settlement in the majority of instances only achieve temporary success. The recent failure on the part of Montagu's harrier to obtain a firm footing in North Devon, even after a promising start, provides an apt example of this, while the recovery of the Dartford warbler during the same period in districts which the species, though rare, had never actually relinquished, goes far to show that possession or occupation of the ground is a strong safeguard against banishment.

The tenacity with which birds cling to a favourite habitat, regardless of equal or better facilities elsewhere, can only be attributed to convention—or its equivalent in bird life. The preference is so obvious that we are usually content to accept the *status quo* without comment. The number of known gannet colonies, the partiality of the puffin or razorbill for a particular headland, the black-headed gull's fanatical attachment to one inland pool, the heronry, the rookery, the starling roost—all have become mere ornithological facts. As in Euclid, they are 'given,' yet in each case the unanswerable questions remain. Since everything had a beginning, what induced the original choice? The cliff which harbours a colony has been there since time immemorial, but the rookery or starling roost at one time was planted; the gull-pond as often as not is artificial. Actually, the occupation may be of recent date, yet the sense of possession is so engrained in rook, starling, or gull, that should ejection be desired, it can only be effected by extermination.

Local attachment is a matter of strain rather than species, and when a new colony is founded it acquires its distinctive population. This is particularly noticeable in summer migrants which return annually to the same spot, and one is often surprised at the lack of originality displayed. Some years ago I commented on the unaccountable absence of curlews in East Devon where the species had never been known to breed, although the

conditions seemed to compare quite favourably with other parts of the county eminently curlew-haunted. One could only assume that the eastern moors lacked some essential, until in 1933 a few pairs of curlews staked claims between the Otter and the Axe, and the species is now well established in the district, the sudden appreciation of which being as curious as the previous neglect. Their arrival, by the way, coincided with that of the buzzard in the same area where the big hawk had been unknown to nest within living memory. This development was less surprising, however, owing to a notable increase farther west. In the curlew's case there had been no marked rise of birth-rate nor previous banishment.

Generally speaking, bird life is divided into two categories, resident and migrant, and these again might be sub-divided into the nomadic and local, the distinction lying between birds which confine themselves to a circumscribed area while others of their kind pack into flocks, wandering from place to place as their requirements direct. During the winter months one often notices considerable flocks of small birds about the fields or woods and probably regards them as visitors from northern countries, as many of them doubtless are. Upon the other hand, they also contain large numbers of home-bred nomads, reared in remote thickets and hedgerows which cannot maintain a perennial population. These might be considered 'homeless' birds, as distinct from the garden members of their species, as the huge starling flocks from the little parties which bore for grubs on the winter lawn and roost in the evergreens. A bird's home, one should add, is not necessarily either its roost or nesting place. The most conservative species may have various dormitories and never build twice on or near the same site. The resident's home is rather the *area* to which it clings most resolutely. Indeed, it cannot be banished. I once tried the experiment of deporting a cock chaffinch whose habit of entering the house and attacking his own reflection in any mirror that he could find became a nuisance, besides constituting a danger to himself. I carried him a couple of miles in a closed basket, releasing him among surroundings which should have provided ample counter attractions. He returned faster than I could, meeting me in the study, as though by appointment, after which

he continued his activities uninterrupted. Excepting a robin, a chaffinch is the most homely of wild birds. In a friend's garden until quite recently was a bright little cock who not only claimed strict rights of tenancy, but frequently accompanied his landlord on short walks, flitting from perch to perch alongside the path, and maintaining a chirpy monologue by way of conversation.

Upon the whole, birds might be described as ground-occupiers rather than householders, each tenancy being either communal or private, according to the habits of the species. A rookery would be a typical example of the gregarious, a kingfisher's reach of the solitary. This is particularly noticeable in a large garden where anyone who studies bird life year after year can usually identify individuals by mannerisms or the slight peculiarities in appearance or song to which all are subject. In the case of almost any solitary species, the distribution rule is strict, full living room being allowed to each individual or pair. It must be a large enclosure which contains two nests of a spotted flycatcher, a robin, a wren, or any finch. A pitch may be left vacant, but not divided, and holdings appear to be hereditary, although in that case it is sometimes difficult to be quite sure when change of ownership takes place. One may know of an old cob-wall which has been occupied regularly by one pair—never more—of spotted flycatchers for a period far exceeding the lifetime of any individual. Since these birds seldom lend themselves to close observation, personal identity cannot easily be established without recourse to ringing, and much is necessarily left to conjecture. Of this an interesting case is under notice at the moment in an old walled garden where two broods of song-thrushes were reared by a pair of long distinguished residents, notable for unusual tameness. The broods consisted of two and five, which later family the parents have removed, leaving the early 'pigeon pair' in possession. Whether this is a heritage permanently ceded, or merely a temporary provision time will prove, but at present the definite character of the arrangement remains indubitable.

It might be argued that around human habitations the position is artificial, wild life being subsidised up to a certain point. This, however, does not alter the natural disposition. It may be observed on the wildest hillside,

the raven on his crag or the tiny wren—hardest and most independent of British birds—each appropriating his own domain which no other of the same species may enter unchallenged. The rights of other species over the same territory is usually admitted, there being no conflicting interests. Even as in any village blacksmith and carpenter can work without friction, so the flycatcher and finch may nest within view of one another. It is two of a trade that cannot agree in wild life as elsewhere.

Human activities have so long influenced animal life that a clear line of demarcation between the artificial and the natural is now scarcely possible. There are creatures which, if not exactly products of civilisation, have become dependent upon man's work for food and even habitat, such as rats, mice, sparrows, barn owls, swallows, and house-martins, all of which, if not always living harmoniously with mankind, have made human homes their own. A striking proof of Nature's adaptability in this respect is the readiness with which an abandoned building is appropriated by the wild things of earth and air. In this neighbourhood is a lonely ruinous cottage, an upstairs room of which has for many years been tenanted by a barn owl who, gaining access by a broken window-pane, roosts upon the perennially open door where he may always be found. Creepers over the window dim the light, and there upon his draughty perch the old owl may indulge in daylong contemplation of his own scarcely imaginable world, listening to the garden warbler's song from the thicket which was once the potato patch, the buzzard's wail, the sinister croak of the carrion crow, or, when wild voices are hushed, the patter of rain and swish of bushes against the panes. The cottage might be described as a self-conducted aviary, and not far from its door stands another home of Nature's own provision, an ancient oak upon which time has proved a serviceable craftsman. Rabbits burrow under its decaying roots, while jackdaw, nuthatch, and tree-creeper take advantage of the woodpecker's borings into the now cavernous trunk.

While an old tree makes an admirable home, however, its amenities are insignificant when compared with those offered by a rabbit-burrow, where the principle of 'many mansions' exists to an extent little realised. In many

parts of the country a great sand or chalk earth is so common a feature that it is taken for granted, although the animal kingdom contains nothing quite like it. Unlike a rookery or great sea-bird colony, it is hand or paw-made, and often represents the industry of centuries, dating from some remote occasion when an enterprising old doe first tunnelled a few feet into the hillside to make a nest for her family. Even the prairie dog towns of North America differ in the important respect that each burrow is separate, like cottages in a village, a great sand earth, on the contrary, being an elaborate system comprising numerous departments within itself, like a block of flats, affording private accommodation to a wide variety of animals.

One specifies sand-earths because these are usually the most extensive, sometimes covering an acre of ground, and penetrating to a depth which quarrying alone can reveal. These immense subterranean settlements—for they are communal—not only provide homes, but fortresses from which the occupants can seldom be effectually dislodged. The deeper recesses may be occupied by foxes and badgers, each in their own apartments, although in the heart of every burrow there are refuges into which both animals retreat in emergency. Throughout and intersecting the fox and badger dwellings in every direction, runs the rabbit system, like the maze of bye-streets, passages, and alley ways in an old city, and among these again are the alien quarters annexed at times by hedgehogs, rats, owls (tawny and little), cats that have reverted to the wild, redwings during hard weather, mice and even otters when near water. All the irregular tenants named have actually been found in such lodgings during a long personal experience, not to mention polecats, stoats, and weasels which had entered with other intent, while hares, French partridges, and an occasional 'pricked' pheasant are known to seek this peculiar sanctuary.

A rabbit-burrow once dug, like a house once built, provides an always available residence for something, provided that it attains a prescribed standard. This is mainly a matter of depth. There are shallow banks riddled with holes in which rabbits never lie habitually. Such places are used as breeding quarters only, and one can but wonder why and when the excavations were made

only to be subsequently condemned. Habitable holes, the occupants of which have come to grief, may remain vacant for a period, like houses to be let, and are then appropriated as a rule by the same number of rabbits as before. Most fishermen will know of some pool maintaining one, two or more trout which, when caught, are replaced by a corresponding number, and the same principle applies in the rabbit case. When a burrow has been ferreted, a month or six weeks will probably elapse before the new tenants take possession, but whether this is due to any lingering evidence of the ferret's visit or to absence of advertisement that the quarters are vacant remains an open question. As the population decreases towards the end of a season, the supply of burrows considerably exceeds the demand, and only in cases of abnormal increase—the 'waves' that occur perhaps once in a quarter of a century—is the situation reversed. Even so, although the subterranean town may spread somewhat, there is no tendency to excavate new 'hamlets.' One of the most curious things about a rabbit dwelling is its antiquity. Upon almost any country estate is some old keeper or woodman who has known every burrow since childhood and regards it as an institution scarcely less permanent than the hillsides themselves. This grizzled countryman still spreads his net over the identical bolt-hole originally indicated by his grandfather as 'the place to catch 'em,' that same exit having proved a source of hope and disillusionment to countless generations of rabbits. Under normal conditions, that is to say where reasonable control has been exercised, very little change may be noted during a human lifetime, except that effected by wear, tear, and repair. It is only when rabbits multiply beyond a certain point that burrows expand and separate establishments become linked up, upon the principle of 'ribbon development.' Then, perhaps, a bank which formerly contained several distinct 'clappers,' as sets of holes are termed in southern England, develops into one continuous honeycomb, the effect complicating the control problem. Ferrets always work at a disadvantage in a deep or widely extended earth which naturally provides the inmates with ample dodging space.

Even while detached burrows link up, however,

independent ventures remain rare, the reason being obvious. It is usually easier to extend an existing mine than to sink a new one, and the ground most suitable for excavation has been exploited long ago by wild miners whose descendants find no reason for reversing the decisions reached by former prospectors. Thus hedges and slopes that have never been bored remain holeless still, and it is in newly erected banks or mounds that the rabbit sees his opportunity. In this freshly loosened soil his toe nails are not hampered by the consolidation of centuries, and that is why new canal banks or earth-works of any description are assailed by all burrowing animals with such enthusiasm.

Given natural conditions, the construction of an underground dwelling by almost any creature is seldom undertaken at one fell swoop, the process being rather evolutionary. Even the badger, most notable of four-footed home-makers, enlarges and deepens far more frequently than he sinks for himself, and a vixen is usually indebted to the ever industrious rabbits for the little earth in which her cubs are laid down. For that matter, the breeding establishment of any animal is seldom more than a temporary affair, hastily prepared for the one purpose with a view to momentary convenience rather than security. This applies to the nest of a bird, a rodent or even a stoat which scratches out a little nursery among potato banks or from the loose soil of arable land, depending upon the growing crops for cover. A heap of decaying brushwood, especially gorse, is a favourite haunt of a stoat at all times, also an old pile of stones in which he not only makes his bed, but also stores his larder. This is a most informative depository to anyone who cares to study his varied menu, although he resents and does his best to impede inspection. I once discovered such an establishment in an overgrown slag-heap beside a pool which now floods a long disused Dartmoor copper-mine. A sheer cliff, appropriated by rock-haunting birds of every description, overhangs a considerable stretch of the water, and this apparently provided the stoat with a widely varied diet. Egg-shells, including those of the kestrel, were much in evidence, and the number of wood-pigeons' eggs which he had collected from the surrounding hawthorns might have given the Ministry of Agriculture

food for reflection. Snail shells were there in abundance, also the minute skeletons of frogs, mice, and voles, and an attempt was made to photograph the interesting accumulation. The effort involved the erection of a tripod in the water and a delay to await an improvement in the light. Unfortunately in this project we reckoned without the stoat, whose disapproval had been expressed from time to time in viperish subterranean hissings. The interval provided him with the much desired opportunity, and taking advantage of our temporary withdrawal, he removed those relics for which he had any further use—of course the most impressive, photographically.

As compared with birds, the proportion of mammals which make, or at least appropriate a winter shelter is significant. The bird list could be checked upon the fingers, so far as Britain is concerned. In the case of British beasts, it would be easier to name the exceptions—actually hares and deer, the extreme delicacy of the hare, and of leverets in particular, making its hardihood in this one respect the more notable. It should also be remarked that while many British mammals are gregarious, none could be described as communal in their habits, that is to say, when judged by the standard of birds such as rooks, while neither bird nor beast attempts the highly regimented life of ant or bee. Even among gregarious beasts the main concern of each individual is for himself, although this frequently works to the common advantage, as the batsman playing for his average more often than not benefits the side. Thus the rabbit who bores a new emergency exit within convenient reach of his own butt-hole confers a benefit upon posterity, although patriotism was far from being his motive. Upon the same principle, self defence often ensures that of the community at large. When the hunted deer seeks refuge in the herd, dispersal follows, pursuit is diverted, none are killed. When the hard-pressed fox ensconces himself in the recently vacated kennel of another and so effects a 'change,' the chances are that both escape. When the carrion crow drives a hawk from the proximity of his own nest, he unwittingly protects his weaker neighbours in whom the raider was really interested. Birds frequently combine to denounce a common enemy. Even rabbits in a full warren take joint action against a

stoat or weasel, but whether cooperation is direct or indirect, intentional or otherwise, matters little as long as the general purpose is served. The preservation of the individual safeguards the species, and with the species survives the home or breeding-place, for nothing attracts wild life more than the presence of its own kind. When wandering deer find harbourage, they are soon joined by others, and this is equally true of birds. Home-seekers, desiring mates or living space, are always more likely to settle in a district where the species is already established. For this reason recovery is more easily effected by preserving a remnant than through the introduction of fresh stock which, lacking the territorial sense, more often than not refuses adoption, no matter how suitable the habitat. An attempt to introduce game, such as partridges, to ground upon which the race has been wiped out is seldom successful. Not only do they lack the confidence inspired by others of their kind and wander away in consequence, but the new ground has no traditional appeal. It is necessary, therefore, to enclose them for a while until accustomed to their surroundings. The spell of an old home is always potent, and even as the wild homes of England are her oldest, so that 'native burghers' remain the most ancient inhabitants. It is gratifying that in an age of change and upheaval their claim for consideration seems unlikely to be overlooked.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 9.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

MESSINA, Munda, Orel—the three places, so widely spaced, so closely linked together by the terrible oddities of international fate, have been in our thoughts and on our lips continually throughout the weeks, which, as I write on August 10, are just concluded. Which of the three would be the first to pass into Allied hands? That has been the great question, the mere posing of which has been enough to show the prodigious transformation that

the whole of this global war has undergone as the fourth year of its fury approaches its completion. And now the question is two parts answered and one part assured, in reverse order to the alphabetical placing of the three strongholds. Orel is already so far behind the Russian lines as to be out of the news which is held, almost miraculously, by the threat to Kharkov; Munda has fallen, and it is only a question of days, perhaps only of hours, before Messina is in our hands and all Sicily cleared of Germans. We see all three points as stepping-stones for the now inevitable triumphs of the immediate future. No longer, then, 'the end of the beginning,' in the famous Churchillian phrase, but 'the beginning of the end,' as Field-Marshal Smuts prophetically said before the invasion of Sicily even began.

The war, indeed, has been moving in leaps and bounds; and it has so chanced—as far as there is any such thing in events like these as chance—that for what is in the calculations of war a long time these articles of mine have come to be written on dates that even at the time seemed landmarks and, in retrospect, emerge clearer and clearer as frontiers. Let us, for one instant, look back at one year of these dates. On Aug. 27, 1942, half of the eighty days of destiny emphasised by Mr Oliver Lyttelton had been lived through, forty were still to come, and tensivity as to the fate of Stalingrad was at its most extreme: by October 31 it had become clear that Hitler's vast 1942 gamble had failed, shattered by an almost impossible defence—and the Eighth Army had stood, had turned, had begun its forward march of victory: by February 16 von Paulus and the Sixth German Army had been captured, Rostov and Kursk regained, Leningrad freed, and Rommel chased beyond Tripoli: by May 8 Bizerta and Tunis were in our hands, and the Pacific tide had definitely turned—to-day (August 10) it is difficult to see what can remain of any enemy plan except that of such general devastation in withdrawal as may, in his fond hope, present the Allies with insoluble problems of transport, food, and general reconstruction.

Everywhere throughout the whole world, under the sea, on the land, in the air, the scales of war sink down inexorably against the enemies: it is hard even to enumerate their series of disasters. Largest in our eyes,

naturally enough, has stood the Sicilian triumph, that enormously intricate and important amphibious operation, and the dramatically sudden downfall of the first of the dictators—and, as was immediately remarked by millions, 'if one, why not the other?' But spectacular, even brilliant as has been that triumph, an achievement to marvel at in the unification of both arms and of Allies as well as in the conquest of almost inconceivably difficult terrain, it is but one link in the chain of victory, and not the largest.

It is now disputable, and doubtless hereafter it will be argued backwards and forwards by differing schools of historians for ages to come, which is the most significant of the many blows the enemy is having to endure: the eclipse of Mussolini is, after all, a consequence, not a cause. Already we accept the prodigious defeat of the U-boats as a thing we knew would one day happen, in that strange way of prophetic unshakeability of knowledge which is so peculiarly (and sometimes so exasperatingly) British. Similarly, we even still think of the air-attacks as raids and not as battles, though the latter is unquestionably what they are: after the Ruhr, Ploesti and Hamburg, and then? Surely it is one of the biggest of pointers this *cri du cœur* from Dr Goebbels, this order to begin the evacuation of Berlin, coupled with the damning admission 'we are not in a position to reply in kind?' And this at the beginning of the full weight of the air-offensive. Air power alone may never be able to bring victory, but, wielded as it is being wielded, as those of us who have been for long associated with air matters were certain that one day it would be, it is a power that there can be no withstanding.

How far Tunis and Sicily have contributed to the enemy's already almost desperate position, how far the weakening of his civilian moral and the diminution of his military power for evil have been hastened on by these mighty blows from the skies, by night in the main by the Royal Air Force and by day in the main by the American Fortresses, we may long discuss. One thing is evident now, when the great Red Armies sweep on past Orel and Bielgorod towards Kharkov and Briansk, and that is that the complete breaking of the Germans' third summer offensive to the East is the biggest of all the pointers.

That has, beyond question, greatly aided to push Mussolini from his power—he called to Hitler and Hitler could not come; and we may well think that we had already caused the latter such losses and kept far from the Russian front such planes, guns, and other necessities of war as materially assisted our Ally there. And now in New Georgia the same process is continued. But Orel is become the keyword of this war: it has proved itself the hinge of the gigantic door and its name will never be forgotten. To descend from the terrific to the trivial, as British always like to do, its permanence put me in mind of a little squib I wrote many years ago, in play on a casual remark by my father:

‘Father, you said that Agnes Sorel
Was with the oft-repeated “quarrel”
Sole rhyme for wedlock-sundering Gorell.’

After a few bad puns, the squib ended:

‘Ah, law has won you crown of laurel,
Not rhymes: avoid them, that’s the moral.’

Neither I nor any commentator, civil or military, had then this name ‘Orel’ to refer to as one of the brightest beacons in history. I can, however, take this at least to my credit that for weeks past I have felt that we have been laying, journalistically, a natural but undue emphasis on our own very dramatic, very stirring successes and regarding insufficiently the importance of the triumph of the Russian arms. I do not for a moment suggest that our Higher Command or the President or our Prime Minister have been doing so: but I do doubt if the British public—and the American also, though of their thought I can only be aware at secondhand—even yet fully appreciate this triumph.

And I would go farther—for the full implementing of the German failure before Kursk will most certainly be written up for all the world to see ‘before the autumn leaves fall’—and say, as a writer can say when he has no official, semi-official, or private information whatever, that it seems to me that it is not so much Italy as the Balkans that will have the high spots of the late summer of 1943. Cause and effect, doubtless: mighty as have been the events of June and July, they will, it is certain,

be dwarfed by those of August and September—and he who runs may read.

One passing comment more upon this hurricane of war may be permissible here. A dictator is, by virtue of his dictatorship, under no necessity to offer explanations—a grace of which Herr Hitler has been taking the very fullest advantage since the shadows began to stretch their fingers towards his feet—but a democratic leader, by virtue of the democracy he leads, is perpetually invited, and even pressed, to justify his acts of omission and commission—and in war clearly he must constantly be unable to do so without telling the enemy exactly what that enemy most desires to know. We did not in general think of Mr Churchill primarily as the apostle of reticence and restraint in those uneasy days before September 1939: but since then, and especially since he became Prime Minister, he has proved over and over again that he possesses those powers even as he possesses their opposites. He has, when needful, 'kept his mouth with a bridle,' and has had his reward. Now, at long last, he is truly beginning to reap where he has sown.

Many a man, politicians certainly not excepted, have been ruined by success: it is a heady wine to be drunk without injury only by generous spirits, and generosity is not normally encouraged by public life. All the more honour to Mr Churchill who, possessing it, has continued to increase in stature as his success extends. He has never, even under the severest temptation, said 'I told you so,' he has never even referred to his past strokes of boldness and imagination and courage, as when he reinforced Wavell in 1940—surely one of the greatest of all his services to his country and the war—and now when his planning is coming to fruit, he looks resolutely forward and not back. Glancing a few evenings ago through his 'Great Contemporaries' I came on this which seems to me to deserve to-day to be extracted anew: 'the truth is that Clemenceau embodied and expressed France. As much as any single human being, miraculously magnified, can ever be a nation, he was France'—substitute 'Churchill' for 'Clemenceau' and 'the British' for 'France' and it is exact in these tremendous times.

It is the more necessary to dwell on this as unquestionably the quality of generosity is one of the most valuable

that any one can possess : that at all times, but more especially in the times that are, if not actually at hand, at any rate most surely approaching. And by this I do not mean generosity towards our enemies. After the last war we were generous, unduly generous, with dire results : if we leaned either way out of the strict line of impartiality, we leaned rather towards the vanquished than to our late Allies ; we were speedily out of sympathy with the fierceness of the revengeful pressure, natural enough if terrible, of the successive Governments of France, and, in our habitual way, we had a sort of feeling that it ' wasn't cricket ' not to try and help up the fellow that was down—a divergence of view which made the work of the Inter-Allied Arms Commission almost impossible from the start. To-day, it is to be hoped and believed, we are wiser : we are still without desire for revenge, but we do realise that neither Hitler nor the sheep-like and terrible nation he has led understand cricket. It has been said—I think by Mr Harold Nicolson—that the Germans are quite unable to appreciate equality : they must dominate or be dominated ; or, in Mr Churchill's words, they are either at your throat or your feet. There is, beyond all doubt, a very deep resolve grown in us which can be best put into the two words ' never again ' : twenty years ago there was eloquent but rather vague talk about ' a war to end war ' ; and yet that largely remained talk. We are one and all determined not to make that mistake a second time, whatever other we set in its place.

And our Allies will help us there, as in all other ways. The Russians, the Czechs, and the Poles—these three first and foremost have such frightful memories, and there is not one of the occupied countries which has not horrors in its experience. I have found instances of the easy-going British, who after all by the mercy of Providence have not had these in their midst, refusing to believe in them : the revival of mass-murder in Poland quite recently led a distinguished soldier of my acquaintance to say he was certain it was all greatly exaggerated—even as he declared tales of atrocities on 1914-18 had been. But this is not the general view, and, even if it were, our Continental Allies know better.

We need to steel ourselves against the wrong side of

generosity : we have shown through June and July that we are not likely to be deflected from our purpose by the wailings of Dr Goebbels : ghastly as these terrific devastations from the air undeniably are, they are Nemesis. Never in all history has the case been clearer. I stood not long since in the centre of Coventry—it cried aloud to Heaven. No : the Germans admittedly, having lost the last war, more than half won the peace by their organisation of sympathy. That success will not recur, even at the hands of a nation so illogical and so inconsistent as the British. I found my sense of justice of those adjectives as applied to us deeply emphasised by a chance : I happened to come across an issue of the 'Daily Telegraph' for Sept. 23, 1936, when Sir Austen Chamberlain truly declared 'Fear broods over Europe' : but there were two other items of information which in the light of later events showed the British as both prescient and blind. The first was Sir Samuel Hoare, then First Lord of the Admiralty, saying, 'Britain is determined to maintain in all circumstances and at all costs her position in the Mediterranean and to modernise her naval, military, and air defences between Gibraltar and the Suez Canal'—a determination which, we can now see, saved civilisation. The second was an account of the German Army manoeuvres : 'the tank attack,' wrote the special correspondent, 'was awaited with breathless interest by the many spectators few of whom, probably, had ever seen a tank before.' To any who fought, as it was my fortune to do, on the Somme on Sept. 16, 1916, those last ten words ring out with a singular irony : twenty years later, we, the tank's inventors, go to the German Army manoeuvres 'with breathless interest.' Almost may we not say 'those whom the gods love they destroy'—except that the gods have loved us greatly since 1940 and saved and not destroyed us.

It was not of generosity towards our enemies that I was thinking when I referred to this great quality in Mr Churchill, but of a more difficult direction : it will be needed overwhelmingly as regards both our Allies and ourselves. As regards the first, we are all alive to-day to the paramount necessity of marching in step : 'united, we stand ; divided, we fall' is not a phrase but a fearsome reality ; it is burnt in upon our consciousness by these

four years of bitter peril, and there is little likelihood of our forgetting it as long as the German Army and the Japanese Fleet are in being. It is when they disintegrate and are submerged that the real test will come; and already there are faint rumblings, 'noises off' as it were, that may, if allowed to do so, grow into disillusioning storms. The future of civil aviation, for example, is one, the predominant position taken by manufacturers in the United States in various processes of new industrial developments and materials is another: these, and many another kindred matter where the business interests are involved and national advantage has a temptation to override the international needs of the future peace, will require a generosity of handling on all sides—to say nothing of the innumerable infinitely difficult problems of European rehabilitation and rebirth. As far as the United States and ourselves are concerned, it is one of the happiest conjunctions in history that each has now a leader who understands the mind, the purpose, and the difficulties of the other: as far as Russia and ourselves are concerned, the depth of appreciation here of the Russian achievements and sufferings is not merely universal but very sincere.

As regards ourselves—there indeed we shall need not only understanding and patience but a very high degree of generosity. Our politics, luckily, have never, for many a hundred years at least, been internecine: we have long ceased to behead those with whom we were in disagreement, but something a great deal more than a mere abstention from violence will be essential if we are to make of the years after conflict the beginning of that new era of which we all dream. 'We don't know where we are going,' declares that embittered journalist, Mr Hannen Swaffer, '—and we don't know where we are.' This at the beginning of August. Is it true? Does that represent merely a fractional piece of stubborn error or is it at all a general opinion? Only a few days earlier another publicist, in whom the milk of human forbearance seems to have grown a trifle curdled, Mr Aneurin Bevan, was calling 'Amgot' (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory) 'an ugly name for an ugly thing.' It is clearly never possible to please everybody: we seem to have pleased the Sicilians more than Mr Bevan; but are these

straws on a national wind or just the froth of the heady draughts of successful waging of war ?

We are not as we were : four terrible and terrific years have wrought a good many more changes than we acknowledge. And we are getting a bit peevish at times owing to the greatness of the effort we have been, and are, making. We have reached, it is clear, in some ways at any rate the peak of performance—and no wonder when one considers its altitude : the suddenness and the force of the protests against the calling up of women between the ages of 45 and 50 is a proof. As many a woman has said, in private discussion, 'if up to 50, why not to 60, as that would do no greater harm ?' The Ministry of Labour has had a colossal task and has, for the most part, done it well : it is impossible to move about anywhere in industrial Britain without becoming aware of the immensity of woman's contribution. But there are anomalies : the Government departments are, some of them, crowded with the young, and, though no one has yet expiated upon the supremely important national work of manieuring, it is not difficult to find instances where it must be so regarded, to justify the retention in it of so many who might, one would have thought, have been giving their valuable services to the more humdrum—but not entirely useless—task of shell-filling or the manufacture of bits and pieces of aeroplanes.

More fundamental is the lowering of standards both of morality and of honesty which may be inseparable from the extreme pressure and strain of war but is a saddening feature of these times. Pilfering, from which the British were of old most conspicuously free, is rife : in these first days of August there are seasonal illustrations in the many little prosecutions for mean little thefts from allotments and orchards : 'there is more apple stealing to-day,' remarked a magistrate severely, 'than ever before.' The temptation of course is greater, much greater, and the risk, perhaps, less with fewer guardians and observers—but neither, I think, quite accounts for the increase : it is due rather to a falling away, in mind and spirit, from the older simple standards. And it must be admitted that the Army sets no good example : instances of wanton destructiveness and carelessness are innumerable—only an hour ago I saw a small tank in a village lane knock

down a cottager's fence with complete indifference; I was the more sorry because I knew that only a short time before some Commandos, on an exercise, had stove in a boat of his and thrown the oars overboard and sauced the old man also when he courageously tackled them with complaints. I suppose if it is needful to train men for jobs of reckless devilry and courage—as it assuredly is—it is almost impossible to expect them to be at the same time considerate citizens. But the aftermath will be disquieting, even as are the consequences already of the lowering of the standards of sex, as evidenced, obviously, in the sharp increase of illegitimate births, and, less obviously, in many another way.

And, inevitably, war encourages ramps. I had occasion a day or two ago to ask the price of one of those satchels that are carried by many girls in one of the Women's Services: it was small in size, made of so-called canvas, actually, I believe, of straw or some similar material; it would have been dear in normal times at 5s. The price asked was 2*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*: if I cared to wait some weeks, so the shop girl blandly informed me, I might get one made of leather—'that would cost about 9*l.*' If such are needed by all serving women, then there should be either an official issue or, at least, a controlled price. It was on the same expedition that I ran into a cheery friend of mine, a former brother officer: he was, he told me, now 'one of these blasted controllers' (his own phrase) in a Ministry: at 12 noon he was busy buying personal provisions, an activity he called 'getting in supplies': it would seem that the temporary civil servant has fallen quickly into those pleasant peace-time habits of the permanent civil servant, who has been known to lunch from 12 to 3, but for four years now has hardly had time to lunch at all.

Of course it was inevitable that, with destruction, both necessary and gratuitously evil, ramping throughout the world for four years, supplies of all kinds should be shrinking: perhaps, having been hardened slowly, we do not fully realise the extent—a cookery book, even one published a year or two ago, would speedily prove emphatic. And shopping now is truly adventure, or, rather, like dipping into the secret bag—one may be lucky, one is more likely to draw a blank. Said a young girl thought-

fully surveying the crowd at a naval terminus, 'Bell bottom trousers are getting much less bell, aren't they?' So is all the world—and even different bells, those of victory, of the sounds of which we may now say :

' O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,'

and not so very faintly either, will not change that. We do begin to realise that even after the last shot is fired it will be long before the restrictions and shortages will end : may we act upon our realisation.

During these summer months in which the tide has begun to flow so strongly, so irrefutably in favour of the Allies, we have begun consciously—though, thanks be to common-sense and unlike our characteristic casual optimism, without slackening off in any way—to think about the future. Towards the end of the last war we set up a Ministry of Reconstruction, but it hardly in retrospect can be adjudged to have solved many, if any, of the problems of the peace—and these will be infinitely greater after this war than they were in 1918. We are at least busy now in beginning to get ready : how late we are in some respects can be seen from the speech made by one who was described only as 'an official of the Directorate of Welfare at the War Office' to an industrial welfare conference held at Oxford on July 17 (I addressed a similar one there, I remember, in 1921) : he told his audience that 'industry should make its plans now for employing Service men after the war,' and hardly seemed to be conscious either of the date or of the primary responsibility of the War Office. But a War Office that still has its Welfare Directorate separate from its Educational Directorate—after all the lessons learnt at the close of the last war and since—is incorrigible.

We are beginning to get ready, no more : we shall not be taken wholly unawares when at long last 'peace breaks out' as the saying is. That we shall be ready is altogether too much to hope, but at all events we are by no means altogether idling. We have a major scheme for the replanning of London, and only need a few Christopher Wrens and plenty of millions of money to see (or have our children see) a London which shall be as different from the old London as the new world will

be from the old. We have an education programme, in outline, approved with rare cordiality by both Houses of Parliament, apart from a few religious grumblings—and this is all the more noteworthy as it is a programme submitted in advance of some essential factors. The report of the Fleming Committee on our Public Schools, still to come, may not be sufficiently wide to affect materially a national plan; but the report of the McNair Committee, also still to come, must be fundamental. I do not always find myself in agreement with the pronouncements of Dr C. E. M. Joad—they are too many and varied—but I do in this: I read an article very recently by him pointing out that it was estimated that 40,000 more teachers would be required and asking where they were to come from. As a rule when a man starts on an important voyage he first secures his crew or at least makes certain that it will be available; but as yet neither the number nor the training nor (a matter I have personally had so much at heart for many years) the status of the teaching profession seems to have been seriously tackled. Nor has adult education received its due share of the planning.

Time may make good these, and other, deficiencies—if Time be given. Who knows what this autumn may bring? *Facilis descensus Averni*, do we hear Herr Hitler dolefully repeating? I doubt it, for I called to mind, after the fall of his fellow-criminal, the story of the old man of eminent scholastic attainments who had once in his youth had the experience of meeting Napoleon: he was asked by one of a later generation what his impression of the Emperor had been; 'oh, definitely not a University man,' he replied. In these coming days it may well be that Herr Hitler will be wishing that his lot had been cast in a modest academic rôle.

'Time, gentlemen, time'—not yet, and whatever the Germans are, they are not gentlemen nor even have a word for such a being. As Time sweeps on, now with so vast a surge and rushing sound, the problems of the future peace begin to loom terribly big—not as big as those of war loomed in 1940 and 1941 but still so tremendous as to be worthy of all our resolution in surmounting. The settling down of adventurous youth after 1918 was hard and painful, but to-day the adventure has

been, and is being, of such a nature as to make that settling down infinitely more difficult still. Take the cases of the thousands of young pilots, or young tank commanders—what is to be their future, their early middle age? These battles of the appallingly swift are emphatically for the young: all the training, all the experience is of youth—it is as though we were bringing up a next generation of Rugby football players, apt and skilful in something that belongs to the twenties alone. And we shall owe them all so much: how shall we ever repay? Humour, that sense of proportion which is the saving grace of the British people will assist—it was General Montgomery who recently said, ‘the difference between the German and the British soldier is that the first laughs at the misfortunes of others and the second at his own’; that power will indubitably stand us in good stead hereafter even as it has in the past—but do not let us rely too far upon it.

There is need for humour, at all events, in the strains and stresses of these wholly abnormal times. I had occasion to call for it the other day when after a bicycle ride on Home Guard duty I had to mend eight punctures in one of my tyres, and, as even then the air would not stay in, finally get a new tyre: the lane had been thoughtfully strewn with masses of small, sharp flints and in the absence of an abundance of tar left for the efflux of the seasons and the passers-by to mould these into a smooth surface. A car could pass without much injury, to a bicycle they were devastating—and few are now the cars and many the bicycles. Hard by, to point the moral if not to adorn the tale, was the usual poster, ‘Rubber is scarce—take care of your tyres.’

This is a small, if unnecessary, annoyance. More arduous, especially after a toilsome day, are the crowds—queues for meals, queues for busses, queues for trains: how packed we are in this little island now, with every other person, it would almost seem, in London at any rate, an American. And yet how little are all these discomforts, substitutes, makings-do, and doings-without, both in comparison with the times of peril passed through and with the furies unleashed to-day upon the Germanic hordes!

I have dwelt at some length upon the problems of the days to come and the rubs of to-day as a kind of cor-

rective: but the truth, of course, is that 'westward, look, the land is bright.' Every day and in every way it is not Coué-ism but fact that we have emerged, finally, out of the jaws of death and entered upon the straight course towards that completeness of victory in which from the first, irrationally and yet indomitably, we have believed. And soberly, purposefully have we emerged and entered; deep thankfulness and intense pride reign, and eagerly indeed is the progress of the Allied victories throughout the world followed, intently is the future progress debated and scanned—but of jubilation, of what in less tense times we termed 'mafficking,' not a trace. The iron of the war has been turned in our souls and that purpose on which we are inflexibly bent is not achieved—yet: until it is, not a man or woman of all the millions toiling everywhere in all the land relaxes, a new thing in British character which was always before prone to relax the moment things began to go better. 'At its best in adversity, at its worst in prosperity,' has long been its description: it is not true to-day. So much at least has Hitler's murderous career accomplished.

And I could not help feeling the other day, when for a short period I was where the wireless of the house was playing tricks and was excellent when tuned in to the Forces programme but indistinct to inaudibility on the Home programme, that the authorities of the B.B.C. underrate some of the minds to which they address themselves. Listeners in the Forces are not all frivolous, and, though it is true that some of the best of the serious items in the Home programme are repeated in that of the Forces, they are timed for hours when few indeed can listen: the one time when most are free to listen is, for the Forces, nothing but frivolity after the news, which is but a very ill representation of the minds of those now on service.

So onwards with unchanged resolution and with a confidence now flowered into certainty. From every quarter and in every element the blows fall on our enemies and will continue to fall. Sweden knows that well: her cancellation of her unneutral agreement as to the passage of Germans through her territory speaks for itself, and, doubtless, the welcome accord now established between Generals De Gaulle and Giraud, uniting at last the soul

of Free France, which will become all France and, we may hope, at no distant date, must have been assisted by the progress of the Allied arms. As I conclude (on August 10) the one uncertainty is the manner of the fate of Italy: will she fall into Allied possession with or without the bitterness of organised resistance on the soil of history and in and round and above cities that hosts of Englishmen and women have greatly loved? I recall a pleasing tale—all the more pleasing in view of the divergence of the accounts of the present Pope's regret over the bombing of Rome—of the ceremonial visit paid according to custom to the last Pope by the late Dr F. C. N. Hicks, when the latter was Bishop of Gibraltar: the Pope is said to have greeted the Bishop with the charmingly courteous, if gently ironic, words, 'I am pleased to meet your Lordship: I have the honour to be in your Lordship's diocese.' Soon, soon now—before this page sees print—the Vatican, it is certain, will be within the circle of the Allied protection and the fury of the war will have swept onward, up and up towards the heart of Germany.

GORELL.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

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| County of London Plan. J. H. Forshaw, M.C., M.A., F.R.I.B.A., and Professor Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., F.R.I.B.A. | Social Security. Edited by William A. Robson. |
| Time and Chance. The Story of Arthur Evans and his Forebears. Joan Evans. | Indian Crisis. John S. Hoyland. |
| Auberon Herbert: Crusader for Liberty. S. Hutchinson Harris. | Japan's Dream of World Empire. Edited by Carl Crow. |
| The World of the Four Freedoms. Sumner Welles. | One Fight More. Allan Thornhill. |
| Pillars of Society. Sir William Beveridge. | Unsung Heroes of the Air. A. H. Narracott. |
| | The Twenty Years Truce, 1919-1939. Robert M. Rayner. |
| | Return to Song. Lady Margaret Sackville. |

THE 'County of London Plan,' prepared for the London County Council by J. H. Forshaw, M.C., M.A., F.R.I.B.A., and Professor Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., F.R.I.B.A.

(Macmillans), is a notable achievement and records a bold and ambitious scheme for replanning the County of London in the future. To carry it out in entirety will probably take more than half a century and the cost will be enormous, but it is a most praiseworthy case of taking the long view, and of vision of what may be needed long after most of the planners are no longer here to see the results of their work. The chapter titles give some idea of the scope of the work—Social Groupings and Major Use Zones, Decentralisation, Open Spaces ; Communications, road, railways, tubes, etc. ; Housing ; Reconstruction Areas ; Use, Density, and Height Zoning ; Hospitals, Schools, Public Utility Service, Smoke Abatement, etc. ; the River Front and the South Bank area ; Focal Points, Architectural Control, Historic Buildings, Centres of Local Social Life, etc. It is a plan not for destroying London and making a new city on a cleared site but for keeping present characteristics and developing them on the lines, as far as possible, of a number of separate communities, each more or less self-sufficient for living, working, and recreation, but the whole linked together within the framework of the greater London. The great drawback obviously is that only the administrative county is dealt with and that is only about one-sixth of the Metropolitan Police District and omits many boroughs which are essentially London and which, according to all rules of ordered arrangement, ought to be within the county. However, the plan can be adapted to future changes which we hope will bring in all London. Meanwhile it is a bold and supremely interesting guide to what London may be, and its authors and the L.C.C. deserve much gratitude. It may be added that the volume is very fully illustrated with pictures and plans (many in colour) and is indeed well worth the very moderate price of 12s. 6d. at which it is sold.

Readers of '*Time and Chance. The Story of Arthur Evans and his Forebears*,' by Joan Evans (Longmans), are set a formidable task in the opening chapters in disentangling the many branches and multiple members of the Evans and Dickinson families. Arthur Evans, the chief subject of this book, had a vast number of relations, of whom fortunately only a reasonable number are essential to his story. First in time among these come his grandfathers, the kindly, ineffective, scholarly Arthur Benoni

Evans and the grimly masterful and efficient John Dickinson. Then comes the son of the former and son-in-law of the latter, Sir John Evans, K.C.B. (1823-1908), distinguished numismatist and geologist, successful paper manufacturer, antiquarian, thrice married and father of six children, of whom Arthur (1851-1941) was the eldest and most distinguished, and like his father a learned antiquarian, but much more of a traveller and for ever famous for his Cretan discoveries, and his sensational excavations at Knossos and the light they throw on the Bronze Age. Such subjects are for the expert and they are well and clearly dealt with in this book. For the ordinary reader perhaps the main interest will be the study of personal characters and interplay of individualities which such a family presents, and Miss Evans is to be heartily congratulated on the highly successful way in which she makes her relatives live and move and have their being under various conditions, but always against the background of the Hertfordshire home and incidentally of the paper mills, the profit of which made possible so much of this learned antiquarian work.

Most histories of political 'battles long ago' are apt to be dull reading, but in '**Auberon Herbert: Crusader for Liberty**' (Williams and Norgate), Mr S. Hutchinson Harris skilfully manages to make most of his hero's political and other adventures seem as lively, urgent and significant to us as they did to Auberon Herbert and his contemporaries. Youngest son of the third Lord Carnarvon, he was gifted with ability, charm, versatility, and the highest sense of honour and of public duty. A brief Army career led via Oxford to a lifelong devotion to the well-being of mankind at home and abroad. The 'rape of Schleswig and Holstein' found him helping the Danes as a voluntary stretcher bearer; he visited the scenes of the American Civil War and, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, at once made for France. What he saw with his own eyes of War made him a fervent apostle of Peace and Liberty—his twin watchwords. Oppression and class discrimination he loathed and fought in the House of Commons, on the platform and in the Press for the extension of the franchise, education, the rights of the working man, and scores of other good causes. Party labels and ties had little meaning for Auberon Herbert and,

so far as a human being can, he judged every question on its merits. A friend and disciple of Herbert Spencer, he fought the ever increasing menace of State tyranny; opposed the Hegelian philosophy of the super-State, and the worship of force and compulsion in either internal or external affairs. Perhaps he tilted at too many wind-mills to attain the practical success granted only to extreme concentration. Yet he lived a full, happy, and extraordinarily useful life; his unquenchable strain of quixotism gaining for him hosts of devoted friends and warm admirers. Ten days before his death in 1906 he described himself to his daughter Lady Lucas as: 'Very calm, happy, contented, like a man looking over a blue sea . . . a little stirred by the adventures and excitements of that great unknown journey, which comes to all of us.'

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler writes in his Foreword to '**The World of the Four Freedoms**,' by Sumner Welles (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace), 'This volume of addresses may well become a classic. These pages contain in simple, direct, and convincing form a unique presentation of the present world situation, particularly as it affects the Government and the people of the United States. . . . Here are recorded the outstanding facts relating to the present colossal world-wide struggle for gain and for power on the part of the aggressor nations.' Undoubtedly these addresses, delivered on various occasions between Sept. 1939 and Feb. 1943, deserve recording both for their dignified and attractive style and for the views of an experienced and broad-minded statesman which they disclose. After the diplomatic reserve about the war made necessary in the first Sept. 1939 speech, it is significant that by July 1941 Mr Welles, though America was still not officially in the war, was openly speaking of 'the criminal obsession of world conquest of one man and of the satellites who surround him; there can come no peace until the Hitlerite Government has been utterly destroyed.' Then the United States came into the war and Mr Welles could speak as freely and forcibly as he wanted—and forcible he is. All through, the burden of his plea is for American cooperation in world affairs in the coming peace time as in war, and he relentlessly points out again and again the direful, selfish, and disastrous results of America's isolation and non-cooperation after the last

war. We in Britain most heartily endorse all that he says.

In 'Pillars of Security' (Allen and Unwin) Sir William Beveridge includes a series of essays, articles, and speeches which he has written or delivered since his famous Report was made public. This gives him an excellent opportunity of answering some criticisms and of amplifying certain important points, as, for instance, the maintenance of employment, which is one of the basic assumptions on which the proposed scheme rests, and the difference between the Government proposals and those contained in the Report. There are also excellent chapters not directly on the Report but on subjects that affect it, such as the Meaning of Total War, the Five Christian Standards, the Pace of Government, and On Going to America. Sir William is a master of the telling phrase which sums up a whole question. Thus he writes, 'When we beat ploughshares into swords, we should exchange also three other P's for S's—profit for service, party for State, procrastination for speed,' or again, the main feature of the Plan 'is a unified comprehensive scheme of social insurance to be administered by one Department, to provide cash benefits adequate in amount and time without a means test at a flat rate of benefit in return for a flat rate of contribution. With this goes a comprehensive health service and a system of children's allowances.' Exactly. Could the position be stated more concisely? All interested in the Report will find this book most useful.

A kindred work to the above is 'Social Security,' edited by William A. Robson (Allen and Unwin), the object of which is 'first to examine critically the existing arrangements for providing pensions, insurance benefits, allowances, and compensation to the vast mass of wage-earners and their dependants; and secondly, in the light of the Beveridge Report, to discuss the fundamentals of a social security scheme, at once comprehensive, unified, consistent, and based on intelligible principles.' The preparation of the work was put into the hands of a team of highly qualified specialists in 1941 on behalf of the Fabian Society. Naturally it has a Fabian socialist colouring which will not agree with rooted individualism, but it is none the worse for this colouring as in these days 'we are all socialists' more or less, whether we like it or

not. The book has been recast from its original plan so as to deal in detail with the Beveridge Report and its implications. It also gives the text of the recommendations given to the Beveridge Committee by the Fabian Society, and it is remarkable to how great an extent these recommendations, discussed and drafted entirely separately, agree with those of the Report. There is one interesting difference, namely about rent, which the Fabians would make a separate allowance payable in accordance with local conditions. Whether this would really solve the great difficulty or be workable is open to doubt. There is another difficulty discussed—namely voluntary hospitals. When, however, the writer states 'there is a steadily rising majority opinion that not even coordination of the hospitals will satisfy present-day needs but there must be a single unified hospital system' a very strong body of dissentients must be expected. Both in the examination of the present almost chaotic want of arrangements in social grants and benefits and in the study of better plans for the future this book is most informative, useful, and timely.

'Indian Crisis,' by John S. Hoyland (Allen and Unwin), is an interesting and provocative book. It is interesting in the clear and concise picture which it gives of India, geography, history, native characteristics, the village, the city, the Caste system, the Untouchables, famine, Congress, education, Hinduism, Islam, etc. It is provoking in that everything is coloured by uncritical veneration of Gandhi and dislike of so-called British Imperialism, taking that much misused word in its worst sense. We are told 'The British system is buttressed on Indian poverty; and battens on Indian poverty. Therefore it must go'; and again of Nehru 'He demands the ending of imperialism because he sees that socialism can never come into being so long as imperialism is there to bolster up a parasitic class of landlords and capitalists, without whose support imperialism could not exist.' Apparently Mr Hoyland entirely agrees with this. Like him many will agree with Gandhi's spiritual ideals but unlike him many more will condemn Gandhi's political practices. Really Mr Hoyland's analogies at times are singularly inept, for instance how can there be any real comparison between imposing Russian on England for all

educational purposes and English on India—between imposing on a monoglot country a language hitherto practically unknown and of very little use outside in the world and developing in a polyglot country, with no *lingua franca* of its own, a language which has been used there for generations and will carry the user to more places in the world than any other. Of course all points of view have a right to be presented and this book is worth reading in spite of the scant justice paid to what Britain has done for India.

The publishers say of 'Japan's Dream of World Empire,' edited with an introduction by Carl Crow (Allen and Unwin), that 'Here is without doubt one of the most shocking books to appear in our time, containing the text of the Tanaka Memorial which is in reality the Japanese "Mein Kampf".' It is true that the Japanese denied the authenticity of this remarkable and secret document when the Chinese managed to obtain and publish it, but the denial is inconclusive and the internal evidence of the work being an authoritative blue-print of Japanese policy is strong. At any rate, the book is a manual of aggression, ruthless and determined, by infiltration, intrigue, economic pressure, bribery, and naked force. For 350 years, since the time of the national hero Hideyoshi, we are told that every Japanese schoolboy has been brought up with the idea that the unfulfilled ambition of the great hero was one which the country would some day achieve. That ambition was rooted in the idea that the world belonged to Japan by virtue of the fact that her emperor was a god destined to rule the world. The fanatical militarists have consistently denounced as traitors all who disagreed with them and have not hesitated to assassinate those who stood in their way. The Tanaka Memorial was presented to the Emperor in 1927 and details most carefully the policy and measures to be taken by Japan to get complete control firstly of Manchuria and Mongolia, and then of China, all on the way to still wider domination. It is a remarkably Nazi-like document.

'One Fight More,' by Alan Thornhill (Frederick Muller), is a very pleasing tribute to Canon B. H. Streeter, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, but its scope is so much restricted that it is somewhat tantalising and

unsatisfactory. It deals almost entirely with Canon Streeter's association with the Oxford Group before and after he became officially a convert to its work and aims, or alternatively (according to the point of view of the reader), before he was badly bitten by Buchmanism. No man of such outstanding honesty and uprightness of character could possibly associate himself with any Movement without absolute conviction of the good it was doing. That Dr Streeter was so convinced is beyond all doubt, and by his conviction he helped many others. But how much more there was in him beyond just the Oxford Groupist of his last years. Philosophy, Comparative Religion, Psychology, Ethics, and Mysticism—he had studied and written about them all. He was Head of a large Oxford college, a great teacher, an attractive humorist, and an inspiring friend. Mr Thornhill gives a vivid but slight picture of his subject, but we would have liked more.

In war-time Security hides many achievements and allows many brave men to pass unrecognised. An additional veil has covered the work of the paradoxically named 'non-operational' services. Up till comparatively recent publications too little was known of the work of the Merchant Navy. Up till now little is known by the general public of the Merchant Air Force—until Mr Narracott, Air Correspondent of 'The Times,' published 'Unsung Heroes of the Air' (Muller). Mr Narracott provides just what is needed. He does not construct the once fashionable, airy, sentimental pedestals, but he believes in heroes and his factual evidence, even within the limits of security, is conclusive. He describes the work of the Air Transport Auxiliary, the Ferry Service, the British Overseas Airways Corporation, the Meteorological Flight, the Merchant Ship Fighter Unit, the Ice Pack Patrol, and the Test pilots. Even this discreet restrained account makes a Herculean task like cleansing the Augean Stables seem like a last year's bird's nest.

Of books about the world between the two wars there seems to be no end, and it is difficult to see what gaps yet remain to be filled, but 'The Twenty Years Truce, 1919-1939,' by Robert M. Rayner (Longmans), deserves a warm welcome. It gives all the facts necessary for the ordinary educated reader clearly and concisely and un-

spoilt by any preconceived political prejudices or by the particularly irritating brand of wisdom after the event which mars so many similar books nowadays. The author allows himself some reflections and draws some conclusions, but these are not thrust on the reader in the way of clouding his own judgment. The Treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations, security and reparation, insurance against war, disarmament, the rise of dictators, the economic breakdown, the acid test of Democracy between 1936-9—these are all subjects which have been burned into our minds by bitter experience, and all thinking people must have pondered over them and seen what might have been done—if only we had known the future! On all these subjects Mr Rayner is attractively informative.

Austerity can be our friend. Faced with its edicts Lady Margaret Sackville, like T. S. Eliot and others, has taken to giving us her lovely wayward songs in slender volumes. Her latest offering '**Return to Song**' (Williams and Norgate) contains only nine short poems. She tells us that the most ambitious, 'Scenes Set for Happiness,' owes something of its technique to Charolette Mew. That may be so, but the inspiration, music, originality, and far-flung loveliness cunningly patterned, are all Lady Margaret's own. Elsewhere modestly she asks :

Dare I believe
That from so numb
So parched a source
New streams may come ?

She may. Without question this fragrant nosegay assures us that its creator is still not only a mistress of song but, by solacing us, an inspirer of victory.

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TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIRST VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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